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By RUSSELL EATON,
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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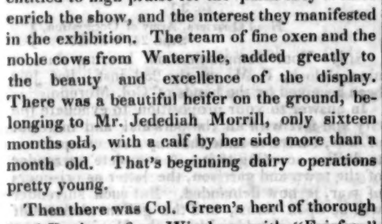


Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

FIFTEENTH CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR OF THE KENNEBEC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Cattle Show and Fair of this Society came off on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, at Brown's Corner in Vassalboro'. Taken as a whole, it was as good a Show as we have ever had. The appearance of an approaching storm the day before, prevented many who resided at a distance, from driving their stock, and the tremendous southeaster during the night, which did so much damage to fences and to many buildings, were the means of detaining many more at home the succeeding day.

The sun, however, rose pleasantly, notwithstanding the turbulence of the elements during the night, and the stock and people began to flock in from every direction. Splendid teams of oxen were exhibited from the towns of Sidney, Waterville, Vassalboro', and Augusta.

They were large, stately cattle, that had been inured to hard service all summer, and were ready to continue it all winter. The teams which have been exhibited in times past from Fayette and Readfield, were generally, as a whole, in better order; but these were nevertheless in good condition, and had led no idle life during the summer.

For milch cows it was decidedly the richest show that we have seen since the Society has been organized, (and we have been to them all except that of 1838.) Waterville and Winslow sent down some of the best cows in the State. Indeed, we may say, without derogating from the merit of others, that these two towns are entitled to high praise for the pains they took to enrich the show, and the interest they manifested in the exhibition. The team of fine oxen and the noble cows from Waterville, added greatly to the beauty and excellence of the display. There was a beautiful heifer on the ground, belonging to Mr. Jedediah Morrill, only sixteen months old, with a calf by her side more than a month old. That's beginning dairy operations pretty young.

Then there was Col. Green's herd of thorough bred Durhams from Winslow, with "Fairfax," the monarch of the show, at their head—the beautiful stock of Lt. Wainwright of Augusta, Hon. John Otis of Hallowell, Mr. Crosby of Albion, Mr. Hunnewell of China—the handsome Grade Hereford "Young Albany," belonging to Paine Wingate of Hallowell, and a vast many others too numerous to mention now. We were told that Sidney would have sent another superior team had not the storm prevented.

We counted two hundred and seventy head of cattle on the ground before they had all done coming. There were one hundred yokes of oxen and steers on the ground, all fair and excellent. Now, the number of cattle at the late State Society Show of New York, at Auburn—the "Empire State"—is stated to be 320! Verily, Kennebec is not far behind the "Out Westers" in the way of cattle *"fixings."*

The show of horses was not numerous, but they were vastly better than we have had for many a year. The splendid three year old colt of M. A. Chandler of Augusta, excited universal admiration.

The exhibition of sheep was very good, altho' the specimens were not numerous. There were two flocks of Merinoes, one exhibited by N. Foster of Winthrop, and one by M. Taber of Vassalboro'—there ought to have been more there. Messrs. J. & E. Wadsworth of East Livermore, had some very good Saxons on the ground; and John O. Wing of Winthrop, bro't some grade Cotswolds.

The pig department could not boast of a very numerous representation. Friend Kezer was there with his flock of piglings, as was also friend Rollins and friend Taber of Vassalboro', and friend Guild of Sidney, with excellent pigs, all fat and frisky.

In the department of agricultural products and manufactured articles, the show was rather meagre. The specimens were good, very good, but by far too few in number.

An unaccountable error was prevalent among many in that section of the county, that every one who made an entry for any article of household or other manufacture must deposit a dollar. How such a notion ever got abroad we cannot guess. No such thing was ever required, and we are sorry that the idea prevailed to the detriment of all parties.

The ploughing match, held on the second day, was spirited and exciting. The work was handsomely and skilfully done. Among the competitors was a young lad, (Llewellyn Sturgiss of Vassalboro',) sixteen years of age, who entered the lists with a span of horses, which he drove himself, at the same time holding his plough with the skill of an experienced man. He took the second premium.

The address, by Dr. Lynde of Norridgewock, was an excellent production, appropriate to the occasion, and well calculated to enlighten and stimulate the farmer to love and honor his calling, and lead him to strive for the mastery in skilful agriculture. It will be published soon, and our readers will have an opportunity to read and profit by it.

The several reports and awards will also be published as fast as we can conveniently do it.

We can say no more at present, although there are many things which we ought to mention. We must postpone them to another opportunity.

Every thing passed off very pleasantly and harmoniously, and we hope that the good people of East Kennebec, who have now had an opportunity to compare their stock, &c., together, will take courage, hold fast that which is good, and zealously try to improve and reform that which they see to be bad.

SUCCESSFUL CASE OF CUTTING OFF POTATO TOPS. In a conversation, the other day, with S. Redington, Esq., of Vassalboro', he informed us that he planted a piece of potatoes last spring which he manured with some of the salt or alkaline manures recommended to prevent rot.

During the season he perceived some of the tops begin to wilt. He cut them off, leaving a part, cutting only the upper half, supposing that perhaps they might start out again.

They, however, did not. At the time of digging, he found all the potatoes on the part that had their tops cut, perfectly sound, while a large proportion of those that did not have their tops cut, were rotten and worthless.

Mr. Redington is well known in our vicinity as a very successful farmer. He is now an octogenarian, but his mental and physical faculties are uncommonly strong for a man of his age.

He was raised in those early days of the country, when the people were nourished by coarse but substantial food, and their bodies knit together by hard labor.

CARROTS.

The cultivation of the carrot, as a field crop, and for a feed for cows, sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, &c., is now becoming quite common. In Europe, particularly in Great Britain, Belgium, France, and many parts of Germany, the carrot field is a "department," on the management of which, generally, the cultivator bestows the most consummate care, the product being considered almost invaluable, especially where vicinity to market ensures a ready sale, or where the attention and enterprize of the cultivator are directed to the rearing and fattening of stock.

In this country, however, it is a crop that can by no means be successfully cultivated without care; greater, perhaps, than is requisite in the management of any other vegetable of a similar kind. Formerly it was cultivated with us only as a garden esculent, and then, indeed, only on a limited scale; but laterly, farmers have found it for their interest to extend their efforts somewhat, and we now find it occupying, in most sections, the rank of a field crop. Particularly is this the case in the New England States. The description of soil best adapted to the growth and full development of all the characteristic excellencies of this valuable root, is a light, sandy, and rather moist loam. It should also be fertile, but by no means liable to extreme wetness. In a soil of this constitution, provided the seed be properly prepared by soaking—a precaution rendered indispensably necessary from the extreme hardness of the pericarp, the cultivation will be by no means difficult, and very large crops are available at moderate expense.

It will be necessary, however, where the soil is light, to sow the seed quite deep—say from one and a half to two inches, and to apply the roller in order to give the requisite solidity and compactness to the soil, and to bring, as far as may be, the particles of earth in contact with the seed. When soaked, unless the soil be very humid, the seed will germinate, and not finding sufficient moisture in the soil to sustain the action, failure will inevitably result; whereas a due compression, by facilitating capillary attraction, will ensure a continuous action, even should there be no rain.

Frequent and thorough weeding is indispensable, and so also is careful thinning. A *proper stand*, on good soil, filled with invigorating manure, is from four to five inches. We never suffer our plants to grow in closer proximity than this, and we believe that in all cases where great crops have been realized, this is the distance usually decreed. Ground intended for this root, should be ploughed in the fall. w.

WOODLANDS. Many farmers pursue a very erroneous policy in reference to their woodlands. Instead of cutting all clean as they go, it too commonly is the case that only the older and larger trees are selected, or those which are decayed, or dead.

This method is scarcely to be pursued without serious detriment to the growth, as in felling many small trees must inevitably be lacerated, or destroyed out-right. If the growth be thick, extensive openings will be made, and besides, roads must be cleared in order to get out the wood after it is cut.

The most economical plan is to cut all smooth as you proceed. The clearing thus effected, if it be intended for a future growth, should be immediately enclosed, and carefully protected from the intrusions of cattle, sheep and other animals, by which the young sprouts, which start with great vigor, and pursue their growth rapidly, would be broken and destroyed. In France this is the plan universally pursued, and, according to some authorities, the only one which the government, under whose special supervision all the forests of the kingdom are rigidly retained, allows. w.

THE SUNFLOWER. Some years since, we were induced by the favorable accounts published in the papers, to make trial of this plant, and found our experience to corroborate the representations we had perused. We found it not only a vegetable of remarkably easy cultivation, but highly valuable in all its parts. The seed, for fowls, is worth more than any other product, not even excepting corn; while in the stalks and foliage of the young plants, cattle, of all kinds, find a most desirable and nutritious food. We have made no experiments, as yet, calculated to test its productiveness as a field crop, yet we are sanguine that with the advantages of a good soil and proper attendance, it would be found very prolific; perhaps more so than any grain we have ever cultivated. w.

POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Our proposition for the formation of a Pomological Society in Maine, meets with favor from many of our best orchardists.

We have had encouragement, verbally, from many in our vicinity, that they would be glad to assist in the promotion of such an association. The following communications from men engaged in the culture of choice fruits, have been received. Our friend E. G. B., it seems is troubled with the *"garden hog,"* one of the meanest of all contemptible animals. We know of nothing more provoking than, after having nursed and cultivated choice fruit for years, to have some unprincipled loafer creep in and steal it from you. We have been cultivating a pear tree for the last twelve years, which we had of a friend for a choice variety—for a few years past it has borne a few pears, but we have never been able to gather one of them. There are those who make it a rule to seize upon all the choice fruit they can reach, regardless of the principles of right and justice, or the feelings of their neighbor. It is the meanest and *nastiest* kind of thieving.

I will Second the Motion

"In keeping watch for good fruit" in our State, friend Holmes, and I propose to make (to my mind) an important "amendment," which shall be in connection with your proposed "Pomological Society"—it is this—there shall be an anti-"garden-hog" fruit-stealing branch incorporated into your proposed "Pomological Society," with ample funds to expose and publish to the world all such two-legged hogs and pigs as are wont to gormandize on the fruit they have not done so much towards bringing to maturity as the four-legged porker, whose nature and principles, if educated in the way he should go, prompts him to eat at his own bed and board.

I believe, sir, there is not a State in Uncle Sam's domains, which has so great and varied facilities for growing the best, and not only the very best fruit but the most of it, as Maine. But do we do it? No. Why not? Because the very thought of feeding and fattening the obnoxious "garden-hog," is so tormenting to the Yankee mind, that he will, and had rather, forego the gratification of luxuriating on the fruit of his own growing, than to run the risk of having the fruit of much care, and perhaps expense, flittered away in a night by these *unwrung* and unhung *gentlemen!*

For *such* gentlemen to *root* up a bushel of my choice potatoes, or pilfer a bushel or two of corn from my field, or a load or two of wood from my woods, or rob my hen roosts once in a while, is nothing compared to the meanness of taking from my orchard or garden that which has cost me much time and perplexity to cultivate and mature, to satisfy myself and perhaps the community that we are not and need not be, to say the least, dependent upon our sister States for those luxuries that had almost caused us to murmur against Providence because she had not distributed at our disposal, in her liberality, more of the good things of earth.

Now, sir, as the politician would say, I appeal to you to know what we shall do or what can be done at this important crisis? It is high time for us to be up and doing in this matter. I conceive it to be almost useless to call on the people to increase the kinds and quality of our fruit, so long as the chance of realizing the fruit of our labor, is so much against us.

How, sir, can all these pests and tormentors of society be hampered, yoked, wrung, or in any way disposed of to the good of society? If so, out with it, and let us arise in majesty, and do away this evil among us—let there be that tone of feeling in the community at large, that shall place a mark upon him who shall transgress, and convert to his own use and behoof that which does not belong to him—that he has forfeited all claim to the respect and confidence of every good and worthy citizen. And then we can take courage and go ahead.

As it is time to take the question, I subscribe myself in favor of the motion. E. G. B.

North Yarmouth Centre, Oct. 9, 1846.

Pomological Society.

FRIEND HOLMES—I was much pleased with the proposition in the last No. of the Farmer, for the organization of a Pomological Society, in some central part of the State. Much valuable information to the fruit grower has been disseminated by the means of such societies, in other States, and I think promises none the less in Maine, where, we must admit, too little attention has been paid to the cultivation of the choicest varieties of fruit.

Will not the editor give notice for such a meeting, to be held at Augusta as soon as practicable. I doubt not it would be pretty largely attended, and such measures might be adopted as would appear best calculated to promote the object in view. A LOVER OF GOOD FRUIT.

INFANT STEAMER. We were much pleased with the operation of a working model of a steam engine, that was fizzing away, at the Cattle Show, for all the world like a full-grown locomotive. It was manufactured by Thomas Long, a young machinist, of Vassalboro', and evinced much skill. There was a knitting machine attached to it a part of the time, and the way it worked would make a Dutch lassie "give it up," knitting work and all.

FIRST RATE SHOVELS. We have at length a shovel factory established near home. B. Stackpole & Co. have commenced the business of manufacturing shovels in Augusta. They exhibited some prime specimens of the kind at the Cattle Show. "Oliver Ames" will have to stand back a little among the "Up Easters," now. If our friends continue to make as good an article as that exhibited, they'll *shovel* him out of Maine.

LIBERAL. The proprietors of the Waterville and Sebasticook bridges, opened their gates and let all going to or returning from the Cattle Show, pass over free. We wish we could say the same in regard to the Augusta bridge.

LIME ON ORCHARDS. The operation of lime on orchards is said to be highly beneficial. It tends, not only greatly to promote their health and advance their growth, but it also improves the *quality of the fruit*. An orchard, which had been in bearing nearly thirty years, suddenly failed, and was renovated in one season simply by applying lime,—the quantity being one bushel per tree. It was sown broadcast. w.

WATER FOR STOCK. One of the greatest inconveniences a farmer can experience, especially in a dry season, is the lack of a sufficient supply of water for his stock. Animals not plentifully provided, are ever restless, often breaking through enclosures, and ranging from field to field, and from pasture to pasture, in quest of drink. This, however, is but one of the evils resulting from a deficiency of this invaluable article on the farm. w.

CORN VS. POTATOES.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

In your paper of Oct. 1st, I notice an article, *corn* against potatoes, in which the great question seems to be, which crop, on the whole, is the better crop for the farmer, corn or potatoes.

The potato crop, taking all seasons together, and the different kinds of soil planted, I suppose will not average over 150 bushels per acre, tho' crops have been known of 500 or 600 bushels per acre. I also remark that the quantity of seed required for potatoes, and the labor of preparing, handling, and planting, is vastly greater than corn, about 100 to 1, which is a great disparity.

Corn, in Maine, has been known to yield over 130 bushels to the acre. From all the experiments made, on corn, per acre, in Maine, it is very clear, to me, that with proper culture, corn may be made to average 100 bushels per acre. Our corn, take the State over, and the average of years, is probably worth 5 shillings per bushel, which would make $83,34 per acre. A large amount of pumpkins may also be raised on the same land. If the item of fodder and pumpkins should be properly managed, that would probably pay all the expenses of labor, and leave the corn crop clear.

From the potatoe crop, no fodder is obtained. The great quantity of seed required and the great amount of labor in planting and harvesting, are to be deducted from the proceeds of the potato crop. Those practically acquainted with raising potatoes, can make the comparison of profits probably better than I can.

Respecting corn and the fodder, I remark, that the course commonly pursued has been very wasteful. The first waste has been the labor of plowing and hoeing, which is great, and hard, and improper, on smooth land. Plowing and hoeing are probably injurious, because it breaks and injures that stratum of roots, which runs near the surface. The proper way to cultivate corn, is to harrow to destroy the weeds. What weeds cannot be cut by the harrow, may be left, without injury to the corn, till high enough to be conveniently taken and pulled up by hand. This is easy, cheap, and fast labor, and should be performed often enough and late enough, so that the weeds cannot seed. What weeds will grow, after that time, instead of impoverishing, if turned in after the harvest, will be a considerable benefit to the land.

The method of managing the corn crop, for the greatest profit, is to omit cutting the stalks, letting all stand until the corn gets pretty well hardened, and then pull it up by the roots, set it in small shooks in the field, passing one stalk around the tops to keep the wind from blowing them over. When the ears shall be harvested, carry in the stalks, pack them and salt them.—Then when fed, chop them fine, roots and all, and the cattle will eat all well, and the root-part will be the best of the fodder; what little dirt adheres to the roots, after handling, will be a benefit to the stock, for they want dirt in the winter, when the ground is covered with snow.

Portland, Oct. 9, 1846. PHILO.

HOWE'S SEWING MACHINE. We have heretofore noticed the extraordinary invention by Mr. Elias Howe, Jr., of Cambridge, Mass.,—a machine that sews beautiful and strong seams in cloth as rapid as nine tailors. We are not yet prepared to furnish a full decription of this machine, but the following claims, in the words of the patentee, may give some idea of the various parts in combination. This machine was patented September 10th.

"I claim the lifting of the thread that passes through the needle eye by the lifting rod, for the purpose of forming a loop of loose thread that is to be subsequently drawn in by the passage of the shuttle; said lifting rod being furnished with a lifting pin, and governed in its motions by the guide pieces and other devices.

"I claim the holding of the thread that is given out by the shuttle, so as to prevent its unwinding from the shuttle bobbin, after the shuttle has passed through the loop, said thread being held by means of the lever, or clipping piece.

"I claim the manner of arranging and combining the small lever, with the sliding box in combination with the spring piece, for the purpose of tightening the stitch as the needle is retracted.

"I claim the holding of the cloth to be sewn, by the use of a baster plate, furnished with points for that purpose, and with holes enabling it to operate as a rack, thereby carrying the cloth forward, and dispensing altogether with the necessity of basting the parts together."

[Scientific American.

COCOANUT POUND CAKE. One pound of sugar; half a pound of butter; one teacup of milk; one tea-spoonful of saleratus, or a bit of sal volatile the size of a small nutmeg, dissolved in hot water; one tablespoonful of essence of lemon, and four eggs.

Beat the whole well together until it is light and creamy; then grate the white meat of a cocoanut, and stir it lightly in; line a tin basin or square tin pan with well buttered paper, and put in the mixture an inch and a half deep.

Bake in a quick oven, and cut it in square pieces when done.

Iceing is a great improvement.

HUSSEY'S WHEAT REAPING MACHINE.

SIR: I have this year for the first time, purchased one of Hussey's Reaping Machines—the smaller size, at $100. I have so often been disappointed in the too early purchase of new labor-saving and economical inventions, that in this instance I waited patiently, until it might have received the best impress of the inventor's skill, and I am now gratified, after a fair and full experiment at my late harvest, to make the following report of its performance, in common justice to the inventor, and for the encouragement of those who have not yet availed themselves of its advantages.

I have used the machine throughout my late harvest, and under very unfavorable weather, I have witnessed its expedition and general economy. The harvest was prolonged by continued rains, and the machine was not worked any entire day, from that cause alone; but being desirous to know the extent of its daily operations I noted the hours of beginning or finishing a lot of twelve and a half measured acres of heavy wheat, viz: from five o'clock to a quarter to four, that is, ten and three-quarter hours; breakfast and dinner time included, say about two hours, will leave eight and three-quarters working hours for the cutting of twelve and a half acres, or the rate of eighteen acres per day of thirteen working hours, which is nearly the time in the middle of June, when the work was done.

I used with the machine, one pair of mules the whole of my harvest, about eight days, and without any apparent distress to them—this was done from the difficulty of breaking in any of them, they being all young, to bear the rattle of the machine in motion, and then too, though driven by two men, ran away with it, and luckily or surprisingly without injury to any person or thing—I had for a time, eight binders, but was compelled to add two others. It will be seen that I had a saving, by means of the machine, of twelve or fifteen dollars per day, for scythesmen's wages, besides their board, and the work was better done—the cost of binders, stookers, &c., the same necessarily, in either case, in the proportion of wheat cut.

I verily believe the amount of the seed wheat was saved by the superior performance of the machine.

I loaned the machine to a neighbor, who appreciates it as highly as I do.

August, 1846. JOSEPH E. MUSE.

[American (Md.) Farmer.

FRYING AS A MODE OF COOKING. This mode of cooking is more common in the western States than any other; and in some families than all others together. Whether the meat be bacon, ham, pork, veal, chicken, or fish, the same ordeal is appointed it—it is to be fried. There are cases, too in which the manner of doing it is horrible to think of. We have seen ham put over a hot fire and fried full twenty minutes—till the whole house was filled with the fumes of burnt fat. A piece of manilla rope, cooked or uncooked, would be a delicacy compared to it; and as for digestion, we do not believe the stomach of a dog, alligator or anaconda, could make any impression upon it.

Housekeepers should know that of all ways in which meats are cooked *that of frying is the worst for the health of those eating them.* The animal oils are at the best pronounced to be more obnoxious to the stomach than any other alimentary matters. The influence of heat upon them effects chemical changes, which renders them worse still. In frying, meats absorb and retain a large quantity of fat which is for a considerable time subjected to a great heat; and is thus rendered unfit for the stomachs of children and weak people especially.

The cooking by broiling is far less objectionable, as the fat is separated from the meat, and escapes being heated to any such degree as in the former case. Broiling, and baking, and boiling and stewing, are all better in respect to the flavor they impart to meats, and are quite as easy when adequate preparations for them are made, and are many times more favorable to health.

From all that we have seen, we are convinced that much of our western cooking is extremely vicious. How many of our people live almost wholly on warm bread, strong coffee and fried meats? A very large proportion, as we are assured. Can any body wonder at the brownness of complexion, want of nervous energy, and bilious habits of multitudes everywhere to be met with in the Western States? This is a matter by far too much overlooked. It is of great importance; and the remedy rests in a good measure with our female friends; and we hope their attention will be turned to it till a change, so far as needed, is effected. [Prairie Farmer.

SCOTCH CAKES. Take two pounds of flour; mix with it one pound of powdered sugar, and half a pound of caraway seeds; melt half a pound of butter, and with it mix the sugar to a paste; work it well; add to it a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; roll it out to about half an inch thickness; cut it in square cakes; lay them on buttered paper; crimp the edges of each cake with your finger, stick them with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. They should be of a pale brown when done.

HICKORY NUT CAKE. Pick hickory nut meats from the shell, until you have half a pint. Make a cake as for cocoanut cake, and stir it in the hickory nut meats.

Raisins chopped and stoned, or currants well washed and dried, is an improvement.

DOMESTIC CAKES. One pound of flour, and half a pound of sugar; beat half a pound of butter to a cream; add half a grated nutmeg, and work it to a smooth paste; roll it about half an inch thick, and cut it in square or round cakes. Bake in a quick oven.

ALMOND POUND CAKE. Make a cake as for cocoanut cake; take the skin from half a pound of almonds; pound them small but not to a paste, and use them in the place of cocoanut.

KENNEBEC AG. SOCIETY, 1846.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Bulls and Bull Calves.

The Committee on Bulls and Bull Calves, having examined with care the animals entered for inspection, adjudge the following premiums.

Class 1st—Durhams.

Best Bull, "Fairfax," the property of R. H. Green of Winslow, Diploma.
Second do. do., "Major," the property of Jonah Crosby of Albion, $4,00.
Best two year old do., do. do. of R. H. Green, Diploma.
Second do. do., and best 1 year old do., none offered.
Best Bull Calf, the property of John Otis of Hallowell, Diploma.
Class 2d—Herefords. None offered.
Class 3d—Ayrshires. None offered.
Class 4th—Grade Cattle.
Best Bull and second do. do., none offered.
Best 2 yr. old Bull, "Young Leopard 2d," property of John Otis, Diploma.
Second do., "Young Albany," do. do. of Paine Wingate of Hallowell, $3,00.
Best 1 yr. old Bull, "Leo," do. do. of R. A. Wainwright of Augusta, Diploma.
Second do., do. do. of Watson Burgess, $2,00.
Best Bull Calf, "China," do. do. of J. F. Hunnewell of China, Diploma.
Second do., do. do. of Levi Morgan, $1,00.
Class 5th—Natives.
Best Bull, property of John Lee, Diploma.
Second do., best 2 yr. old do. and second do. do., and best 1 yr. old do.,—none awarded.

In addition to the above were many fine animals, worthy of high commendation, and well calculated to improve the breed of native cattle.

The number of cattle exhibited was large, and where all were so good, it is almost invidious to make selections.

We cannot refrain from mentioning with praise the numerous fine bulls of the Durhams, and mixed Durhams, Hereford and Bakewell The latter seem to have acquired the form of a *fixed* breed.

Fairfax, the sultan of the Cattle Show, with a pedigree as long as ——— his tail, although low in flesh, was a fine representative of the Durhams. He is an animal of great size and of excellent blood. We doubt not that he will sustain the reputation won on many a hard fought field.

The *Major* of Mr. Burgess, is also a noble animal. His form and blood are both excellent.

There was a son of Fairfax on the field, five weeks old: *rather* too small for the committee to form a correct estimate of his capabilities as a stock getter.

The grades were excellent, the sons of Young Leopard particularly. They are well worthy to be patronized.

Of the native bulls your committee cannot say much. They were almost all faulty in form. They are worse than useless. Let us send them to the yoke and beef barrel, and use only the *high* bred animals. With these we shall improve our stock. Roof-backed cattle, with hips, &c., to match, will then soon run out.

The committee view with satisfaction the improvement that has already taken place in the cattle of this county, by the selection and use of animals of approved English breeds. England has outstripped all nations in her advance to perfection in agriculture. In no branch has she evinced greater skill, or obtained more signal success, than in the production of those victors of the Cattle Shows, the Durhams, the Herefords, the Ayrshires, the Aldernys, and other valuable breeds not so well known in our country.

Bakewell, the breeder of the long wooled sheep, was scarcely less celebrated for his family of long horned cattle. This breed is believed to be now extinct in England. Traces of the blood are yet to be found in our State, in the descendants of a cow brought to this country by Gilbert Stuart, the painter, and said to have been presented to him by Mr. Bakewell.

Some of this breed crossed with the Durham and Hereford were introduced into this State, by Sanford Howard, Esq., and by him carefully bred on the Vaughan farm in Hallowell.

The fine cattle imported from England, by Mr. Vaughan, were supposed to partake largely of this blood.

The mixed Bakewell and Durhams were also bred by Mr. Haines of Hallowell, in whose hands they gained much celebrity. To these animals, in the hands of their skillful breeders, we are indebted for some of the finest cattle in the State, and for many of those exhibited in the class of grades to-day.

Of the Durhams we have had *Banquo, Fitz-Favorite, Comet*, &c., the property of Col. Green; and we now have *Young Leopard*, from the herd of E. P. Prentice, Esq., of Albany; and *Albany*, a Hereford, from the herd of Sotham & Corning. These, with many other fine bulls, have well done their part, as we have witnessed to-day.

With such stock as above mentioned, we have little need of new importations. By breeding them carefully to our *best* native cows, we will have, before long, cattle that, for the yoke, the dairy, and the shambles, *combined*, would be all that could be required.

To make a breed of our own, without the aid of high bred animals, would be the work of a century; and then perhaps we should meet with but partial success. It is true we have our Bakewell, of Charlestown, Mass. Yet he pursued the same course that we would recommend. The blood of the Durham bull *Cælebs* was the fountain from which Major Jaques drew freely to form the *Cream Pot Breed*. Cælebs was one of the first Durhams imported into the United States. It is very doubtful if he has ever had his superior for the production of milking stock.

Maine is advancing slowly but surely in the field of agriculture. Let us put our shoulders promptly to the wheel, and ere long we may rival the old Mother State—Massachusetts.

R. A. WAINWRIGHT, }
J. F. HUNNEWELL, } Committee.
LAURISTON GUILD, }

DISEASED APPLE TREES. Mr. Reuben Barnes of Leoni, informs us that a singular disease appears to have attacked his orchard. His trees are from three to five inches in diameter, and up to the time of their beginning to exhibit signs of disease, have grown with much vigor. The root becomes affected with a kind of dry rot, and grows brittle. The tap root is first diseased, and afterwards the side roots, until they fail to uphold the tree, which is leaned to and fro by every violent wind. Mr. B. took hold of one of these trees with his hand, and broke it off at the surface of the ground. No trace of insects, nor any other apparent cause, can be discovered.—Two of the neighbors of Mr. B. have trees similarly affected. Has any one else ever known any thing like this, and can he give a remedy?

[Michigan Farmer.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

VOL. XIV. AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1846. NO. 43.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST PAGE.

Steadily, silently, my comrades! Not a word—let us climb this narrow path. Take care; a misplaced footstep, and you will be hurled down upon the ice of the dark river. Up my men, and on! Yonder it is at last, the block-house, and beyond it, at the distance of two hundred paces, the battery, dark with cannon!

With words like these, Montgomery led on his men. The terrible path was ascended. He stood before the block-house Now, comrades! How that rifle blaze flashed far over the rocks down to the St. Lawrence! An axe! an axe! by all that is brave! He seizes the axe, the brave Montgomery: with his own arm he hews the palisades. The way is clear for his men. A charge with blazing rifles, a shout, the block-house is won!

Talk of your British bayonets—ha, ha! Where did they ever stand the blaze of American rifles? Where? Oh, perfumed gentlemen, who, in gaudy uniforms, strut Chesnut street—talk to me of your charge of bayonets, and your rules of discipline, and your system of tactics, and I will reply by a single word—one American rifleman, in his rude hunting shirt, was worth a thousand such as you. Who mocked the charge of bayonets on Bunker Hill? Who captured Burgoyne? Who—at Brandywine—kept back all the panoply of British arms from morning till night?—The Riflemen!

One shout, the block-house is won. Now on toward the battery—load and advance! Montgomery still in the front. With a yell, the British behold them approach; they flee from their cannon. Montgomery mounts the walls of rocks and iron: his sword gleams on high, like a beacon for his men. At this moment, hush your breath and look! While Montgomery clings to the rocks of the battery, a single British soldier turns from his flight, and fires one of those grim cannon, and then is gone again.

A blaze upon the right, a smoke, a chorus of groans!

Montgomery lays mangled upon the rock, while around him are scattered four other corses. Their blood mingles in one stream.

A rude rifleman advances, bends down, and looks upon that form, quivering for an instant only, and then cold,—upon that face, torn and mangled, as with the print of a horse's hoof, that face, but a moment before glowing with a hero's soul. He looks for a moment, and then, with panic in his face, turns to his comrades.

"Montgomery is dead!" he *shrieks*; and with one accord they retreat—they fly from that fatal rock.

But one form lingers. It is that boyish form, graceful almost to womanly beauty, with the brow of a genius, the eye of an eagle. That boy ran away from college, bore Washington's commands 300 miles, and now—covered with the blood of the fight—stands beside the mangled body of Montgomery, his dark eye wet with tears. In that form behold the man who was *almost* President of the United States and Emperor of Mexico—the enigma of our history, AARON BURR.

—

They are gone. Montgomery is left alone, with no friend to compose those limbs or close those glaring eyes. And at this moment while the snow falls over his face, while the warm blood of his heart pours out upon the rock, yonder in his far-off home, his young wife kneels by her bed, and prays God to hasten his return!

He died in the flush of heroism, in the prime of early manhood, leaving his country the rich legacy of his fame, leaving his blood upon the rock of Quebec.

The day is coming when an army of Free Canadians will encamp on that very rock, their rifles pointed at the British battery, their Republican flag waving in the forlorn hope against the British banner! Then, perhaps, some true American heart will wash out the blood of Montgomery from the rock of Quebec.

—

Arnold stood upon the first barrier, while his heart throbbed at the story of Montgomery's fate.

Then that expression of desperation, which few men could look upon without fear, came over Arnold's face. Now look at him, as with his form swelling with battle rage he rushes on! He springs from that barrier, he shouts to the iron men, he rings the name of Morgan on the air.

He points to the narrow street, over which the second barrier is thrown.

"Montgomery is there," he shouts, in a voice of thunder, "there waiting for us!"

Hurrah! How the iron men leap at the word! —There is the quick clang of ramrods; each rifle is loaded. They rush on!

At their head, his whole form convulsed, his lips writhing, his chest heaving, unconscious of danger, as though the ghost of Montgomery was there before him, Benedict Arnold rushes on!

Even as he rushes, he falls. Even as you look upon him, in his battle rage, with his right leg shattered, he falls.

But does he give up the contest?

By the ghost of Montgomery—No!

No! He lifts his face from the snow, now crimsoned with his blood, he follows with his starting eyes the path of Morgan, he shouts with his thunder tones, his well-known battle cry.

He beholds his men rush on amid light and flame, he hears the crack of the rifle, the roar of cannon, the tread of men, rushing forward to the conflict.

Then he endeavors to rise. A gallant soldier offers his arm to the wounded hero.

He rises, stands for a moment, and then falls. But still his eye glares upon the distant flight. Not until he makes his bed, there on the cold snow, in a pool of his own blood, until his eyes fail and his right leg stiffens, does his soul cease to beat with the pulsations of battle. Then, and then only, the Hero of the Wilderness is carried back to yonder rock.

Would to God that he had died there!

Would to God that he had died there with all his honorable wounds about him. O, for a stray bullet, a chance shot, to still his proud heart forever. O, that he had laid side by side with Montgomery, hallowed forever by his death of glory. Then the names of Arnold and Montgomery, mingled in one breath, would have been joined forever, in one song of immortality.

But Montgomery died alone; his blood stains the rock of Quebec. Arnold lived: his ashes, accursed by his countrymen, rest in an unknown grave.

When the news of the gallant attack on Quebec—gallant though unsuccessful—reached Philadelphia, the Congress rewarded Benedict Arnold with the commission of a Brigadier General.

The same mob, who, afterwards—while Arnold was yet true to his country—stoned him in the streets, and stoned the very arm that had fought for them, now cracked their throats in shouting his name.

The very city, which afterwards was the scene of his Dishonorable Persecution,* now flashed out from its illuminated casements, the glory of the Hero of Quebec, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

*NOTE BY THE AUTHOR. "Dishonorable Persecution"—yes dishonorable to the last degree, for it was this persecution which drove Arnold to the crime of Treason. There is abundant evidence in my possession to prove, that although Arnold may have acted rashly, imprudently, in Philadelphia, yet the conduct of his prominent enemies was characterized by all that is base in malice, or crawling in hatred. He was a brave man, with a soldier's rashness, an Indian's revenge. When you have said that, you have said all. The reader will pardon me for this expression of opinion;—what I say, I can also prove.

DOUBLY BOUND. A young woman in New York, who had bound herself out as an apprentice to the shoe-binding business, by indenture such as the law prescribes in cases of apprenticeship, proceeded to bind herself to a young shoemaker, by such forms as the law prescribes in case of matrimony; whereupon a contest has arisen between the master shoemaker and the husband shoemaker. The latter claims his wife, the former demands his apprentice. The latter says the young woman has committed herself to his care, the former declares that the young woman had no right to "commit matrimony;" and so the question will be brought into Court. Meantime the husband and not the master, is in possession. [U. S. Gazette.

Lieut. Scott, the recruiting officer, has left Augusta. His soldiers must look to their LOCKS. [Argus.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

The choice of a profession is one of great importance to the young, because it involves questions of profit and of happiness. One may be brought up to a calling or occupation which is profitable, as far as money making is concerned, and nevertheless be one ill adapted to the taste or talents of the person, and therefore irksome to him, and conducive but very little to his real enjoyments or temporal happiness. On the other hand, a man may follow an occupation which yields him very little pecuniary emolument, but nevertheless be congenial to his taste and temperament, and therefore productive of happiness to him. Which is best for one to follow? the business that gives him much money and little happiness, or the business which gives him much happiness and but little money?—Among Yankees it does not make quite so much difference as it does among other people. They take it for granted that a man has a right to shift his employment whenever he pleases, and we of course every day see men brought up to one trade or profession, setting up another. We know of some who were bred physicians, now preaching; others who were trained for the ministry, practicing physic. One who served his time with a wheelwright, making brass clocks; a blacksmith becoming a dry goods dealer; a clock-maker making steam engines; a batter painting portraits, &c., &c. In Europe, when one has obtained a trade or profession, he is expected to follow it his life-time. Droz, a French writer, makes some very good remarks upon the choice of a profession. It seems, says he, to be among the most responsible inquiries of a parent, and a conscientious instructor, what pursuit or calling is indicated for his child, by his temperament and aptitude? The boy, who, like Pope, even in childhood lisps in numbers, because the numbers come, will probably be found to have, not only an ear for the peculiar harmony of rhythm, but an inventive mind, stored with images, and a quick eye to catch the various phases of nature and society. If placed under favorable circumstances and judicious training, this child will become a poet, while ninety-nine in a hundred of those who make verses, could by no forming of nature ever rise higher than rhymes. Thus may be detected the embryo germs of temperament, endowment and character, which give undeveloped promise of the future orator, lawyer, mathematician, naturalist, mechanician, in a word, of the mind fitted to attain distinction in any walk in society.

The advantages and disadvantages of all the professions are adjusted by the level of society. He who is guided in this inquiry by common sense, will comprehend at a glance, that it is impossible, in the nature of things, to combine all the advantages and evade all the disadvantages of any one pursuit.

He should, therefore, after weighing all the circumstances, choose such as shall be most congenial to his tastes and his talents, knowing that all have their evil as well as their good traits, and pursuing it with industry and perseverance, make it prosperous as well as agreeable.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SAW MILLS.

Among the curious things exhibited the other day at the Cattle Show, was a working model of an improved saw mill, which was brought on the ground and exhibited by Capt. Job Haskell of East Livermore. We have heard of two edged swords and two *edged razors*, but never saw a two edged saw mill before. It was designed to saw both ways, and for that purpose the saw had teeth on both edges, and would saw as well while the log was running back as when going forward.

The machine worked well in the model, and we cannot see, although we are not used to sawing, why it may not work as well in actual practice. This improvement was patented by James Dow, Esq., of West Derby, Vermont, he being the inventor of the peculiar form and arrangement of the head and footstocks, and by Darius Healy, who invented the centre carriage, and between them both they got up the mode of sawing back and forward. Capt. Haskell had got the whole matured and perfected into a very neatly made model, of about one man power, which would saw *miniature* boards in grand style. We understand that he has introduced it successfully on the Penobscot river, and that it has also been put in use in Lowell and other places on the Merrimack river. If it will work well, and we can see no reason why it may not, if properly made, quite a saving in time is effected, for it will saw a board while the log is running back, and thus all that time formerly used up by the men putting the log back is saved or employed in making boards.

Friend Job, and every body knows Job, averred on his word and honor, it would do all that was asserted in regard to it and a *leetle* more.

MUSICAL CONVENTION. A very numerously attended and spirited convention of practical musicians was held in this town last week. The convention, or, class we believe they call themselves, was greater than the year previous, being composed of gentlemen and ladies from all parts of the State. Professors Lowell Mason and G. J. Webb, from Boston, also attended, as teachers. The time was pleasantly and profitably spent by those desirous of improving in the divine art. The concert on Friday evening was well attended. The officers of the Maine Musical Association for the current year are—President, Wm. M. Reed of Phillips; Vice Presidents, C. Steward of North Anson, L. F. Dinsmore of Dover, Samuel Talbot of Alna, T. S. Robinson and A. Jackson of Augusta; Recording Secretary, D. C. Stanwood of Augusta; Corresponding Secretary, E. A. Chadwick of Pittston; Trustees, D. C. Stanwood, A. B. Lincoln, T. S. Robinson.

ANTIDOTE FOR ARSENIC. The Literary Gazette says that experiments have been made in France, by giving dogs nine grains of arsenic and then pouring down them nine ounces of fresh calf's blood. It was found that the blood neutralized the arsenic and rendered it harmless.

N. P. Rogers, editor of the "Herald of Freedom," died on Monday last.

MISERABLE GLORY.

One of our friends asks us why we do not say more about the "glorious achievement" of our army at the capture of Monterey. Alas, we are pained that it becomes necessary to say that our army were there at all. It is true that we had rather our army should conquer than be cut up by the enemy; but we had rather have them all at home, pursuing a peaceful and an honest calling, than where they are, butchering those who never did them harm, and warring upon a miserable, poverty-stricken nation, that are not able to take care of themselves if there is no enemy near them. Glorious achievement forsooth! The whole history of this war will form the darkest page of our country's history. We have captured the city of Monterey, and to do it, one thousand, at least, of our fellow citizens are killed—one thousand American citizens—Republicans—men who are taught to say and believe that "all men are born free and equal," have been butchered, and for what? Why are we at war with Mexico? Is it because she cannot pay us a few paltry dollars which may be due to our government, or to some of our citizens? The life of the meanest citizen that has been taken there, is worth more than the whole sum that is due us. Besides, shall we make her more willing or more *able* to pay us the debt by laying waste her country and sacking her cities—by destroying her dwellings and murdering her people? Has Mexico invaded us, or have we invaded her? Is it in defence of our territory that our army is sent to desolate her fields and her villages and make conquest of her territory? Oh no. She can hardly govern herself, and so, forsooth, we send our army to fight and destroy and to trample over her weakness, and then call it a "glorious achievement." And men—rational men—christian men, and disciples and followers of the Prince of Peace, shout long and loud at the victories thus gained over a weak and imbecile nation.

The people ought to rise up in their strength, without regard to age, or sect, or party, and say that this disgraceful war must no longer continue. That the blood of our fathers and husbands and children, must be shed only in national defence, and not for national dishonor. Indeed, if the true principles of peace could take root in every heart, then would there be no blood spilt in wars of any kind, but a correct knowledge of right and wrong, and a holy regard for truth and justice become a rock and fortress for every man and every nation. In the beautiful language of J. B. Syme, we would say,

Brothers! who will draw the sword
And in anger smite a brother?
Who will, at another's word,
Raise the wail of wife or mother?
Who will stain with blood the hearth?
Who will blanch the cheek of beauty?
Who will desolate the earth,
If a leader calls it duty?

What's our heritage but toil—
Toil, our strength and spirits blighting?
Let the lordlings of the soil
Fight—if they are fond of fighting.
War's a dark and bloody game,
Ever clouding freedom's morrow,—
Winning lordlings wealth and fame—
Bringing toilers nought but sorrow.

What have we for ages been
But the slaves of frenzied passions?
Combatting with brother men;
Trampling on the hearts of nations;
Striding on with spear and brand
In the wake of conquest's banner;
Clasping battle's reeking hand—
Worshipping its idol "honor."

Let the gaudy plumage wave
On the brow of him who wears it;
Let the blood-encrusted glaive
Grace the brow of him who bears it;
But, by all our bosoms' love,
Age's smile, and childhood's gladness,
Not a hand or foot we'll move
To the field of battle's madness.

Hark! the people's hymns are pealing!—
Not of glory, death, and gore;
Not of steeds and standards reeling;
Not of havoc, hate, and war!—
Glory's baleful star is waning,
Which for ages past has shone,
And the light of peace is dawning,
Soon to blaze a glorious sun.

Home, and all its household treasures,
Form the workman's choicest gems;
These he prizes now, and measures
'Gainst a monarch's diadems.
And, if crowns can only borrow
Lustre from oppressive war,
Those who wear them hence may sorrow,
For the workman fights no more.

LARGE SALE OF HOUSE LOTS. We were present, for a short time, at the sale of house lots, belonging to the Kennebec Locks and Canal Co., in this town, which took place on Thursday, 17th. These lots are north of the village, on the banks of the Kennebec river, west of the dam. The situation is elevated, airy and pleasant, and the location for buildings, dry and convenient. The lots brought a good price. They are well laid out, but rather small, being 50 feet by 100. They ought to have been twice as large.

The dam has been thoroughly repaired, and the water is rolling over it in fine style. The mills are all in operation, and the new cotton factory will commence operations in a few weeks. Every thing at present looks permanent and prosperous, and we trust the time has come when the persevering and indefatigable proprietors of this Herculean undertaking will begin to realize some profit from their labor and expenditures.

THE GREATEST "BLEW."

The greatest gale of the season "came off," or rather *came on*, during the evening and part of the night of Tuesday, the 13th inst. During the day it was cloudy, with light airs from south west and south. Towards night the wind veered round to south east, and it began to rain some. Before nine o'clock there was a real old fashion south-easter—a genuine, full-blooded hurricane, that careered over the country like a wild demon, upsetting sheds, turning over trees, stripping off roofs, tumbling over chimneys, and kicking about fences in great fury. Much damage was done in this vicinity, but from all accounts it was not quite so furious as further south.

We do not know how far south it was felt, but the Philadelphia papers say that there has not been so violent a storm of wind and rain felt there for thirty years. Many think there has not been so strong a gale since 1815.

The storm ceased soon after 12 o'clock, and the next day was as lovely and as quiet as a beautiful lady who had exhausted herself by scolding.

LEMONADE COFFEE. Dr. Poqueville says in his book on the Morea, or some where else, that three quarters of an ounce of coffee ground fine, with two ounces of lemon juice and three ounces of water, drank warm while fasting, will cure the fever and ague. Who has tried it?

MORE THAN "WATER" CAN DO. The New Orleans Picayune says nature couldn't make a mean Kentuckian nor a *soft* Yankee.

ELECTIONS.

PENNSYLVANIA. The Whigs have elected a majority of both branches of the Legislature, and also carried a majority of the congressional districts. The following is the result of the congressional elections: 15 Whigs, 8 Democrats, 1 Native; 5 Whig and 1 Democratic gain.

SOUTH CAROLINA. An election of 7 members of Congress, State Legislature, etc., was held in South Carolina, on Monday, the 12th inst. The Charleston Mercury of Wednesday, thinks that D. J. Dowling (Whig) is elected to Congress in the Charleston district, over Hon. Mr. Holmes, Democrat. Very few returns.

GEORGIA. The Augusta Chronicle of Monday informs us of the success of four of the Whig candidates for Congress in this State, viz: Messrs King, Stephens, Toombs and Jones, the last being a Whig gain in the district now represented by Mr. Towns. Messrs. Harralson, Lumpkin and Cobb, Democrats, are also elected. It is thought probable that Mr. Iverson, Democrat, will be elected in the remaining district.

FLORIDA. The election of one member of Congress and the State Legislature, took place in Florida on the 5th inst. We have a few returns. In five counties, Cabell, the Whig candidate for Congress, has a majority of 52 over Kain, Democrat—this is a Whig gain of 54. The New Orleans Delta gives a few returns, which also show a Whig gain.

OHIO. The returns from Ohio are so indefinate that it would be useless to make an estimate from them.

FIRE IN BANGOR. On Friday night last, about 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in M. & O. Pearson's Store on Broad Street—and soon communicated to the adjoining store occupied by Messrs. Huckins & Dudley, and also to the store occupied by Col. Stickney as a fruit establishment and an eating house. The buildings were of wood, and the back part of the stores with the roofs and a portion of the second story were consumed, leaving the lower story of the front stores unburnt.

Most of the goods in the store of Messrs. M. & O. Pearson were consumed.

Those in the store of Messrs. Huckins & Dudley were mostly removed, and although in somewhat of a damaged state, the loss will be small. No insurance.

The office of Nathaniel Hatch, Esq., was over the store of Messrs. Huckins & Dudley. Most of his books and furniture were saved.

The store occupied by Messrs. Huckins & Dudley, and one half of the adjoining block of two stores, are owned by Albert Emerson, Esq. The property was not insured.

The other half of the store was owned by the heirs of Caleb C. Billings, and probably not insured.

The loss aside from that of Messrs. M. & O. Pearson, is estimated at two thousand five hundred dollars. The fire department worked well. We are indebted to the Whig for the above particulars.

FIRE IN ELIOT. The town house in Eliot was burnt down on Wednesday night of last week. At the town meeting on Monday previous, it was voted to move the house some one or two miles further south in order to accommodate the people in the lower part of the town, and preparations were making to carry this vote into effect at the time of the fire. It was doubtless the work of an incendiary, as no fire had been kindled in the building during the day. The house had once been moved from the site where it was first erected, and had always been a bone of contention between different sections and parties in the town. Peace to its *ashes*.

[Maine Democrat.

THE RIENZA. Saturday's mail brought us an afflicting account of the loss of the Whaler Rienza, Capt. Small, owned by the Captain and Philip A. Locke, Esq., of this city. She was on her return, full, after a cruise of five months, when on the 15th of September she encountered a gale that utterly disabled her. The Capt. and fifteen others were drowned in the cabin, and the dismasted hulk drifted on till the 26th, the men having neither provisions nor water, except a few crackers soaked in the salt water, and the water they could wring from an old shirt wet in a shower, when *five* survivors were taken off by the Minerva, of New York. Here were sixteen men sacrificed to *enlighten* the world, and five others suffered what it is not easy to describe. It would be well to think of such things in the light of the genteel solar lamps. [Chronotype.

FATAL AFFRAY. The Bangor Whig contains the following account of a fatal affray at Houlton:—

"On Wednesday last, a lot of smuggled goods were seized by our Collector from a man named Mursen. On Thursday night the goods were stolen from the store where our Collector had placed them, and to make a finish of the business about a dozen men blacked themselves and went to the residence of the informer, Daniel W. James, about 11 o'clock, P. M., with the intention of giving him a ride on a rail. James had warning of their approach, and armed himself with a gun, and when the intruders burst open the door of his house he discharged its contents among them and made his escape through a back window. As James did not return, his wife, in searching about the premises for him, discovered a dead man by the side of the fence. The coroner held an inquest on the body and found that the contents of the musket had taken effect in the body of the deceased near the heart. Blood was traced from the body to the door. The associates of this unfortunate man have not been discovered. The name of the murdered man was Joseph Keenan."

VICTIMS OF IMPOSITION. The Bangor papers state that thirty-seven destitute Germans arrived in that city the other day, in a vessel from St. Thomas. They had been induced, by some unprincipled persons, to emigrate, and defrauded of all their money, (near three thousand dollars) on their passage from Berlin to that place.—When they arrived there they discovered the imposition, and took passage in a vessel for Bangor, the citizens of St. Thomas having raised seven hundred dollars for them, and provisions for their support on the passage. The company consists of men, women and children, and are intelligent, temperate and healthy. Seven of the men are mechanics, of different trades, the other four, farmers. A countryman of theirs, resident in Bangor, is doing what he can to aid them in obtaining employment and a livelihood.

HORRID AFFAIR IN HARTFORD. By persons who left Hartford Wednesday afternoon, says the Springfield Republican of yesterday morning, we have accounts of a most awful occurrence in that city, yesterday, between 12 and 1 o'clock. It resulted in the death of two persons—one first shooting the other and then killing himself. It appears that Mr. Daniel F. Olcutt, of the firm of J. B. Olcutt & Co., livery stable keepers in Hartford, and a Mr. Holcomb, of Granby, Ct., who had formerly been some way connected in business together, had a lawsuit, in which some $1500 was at stake. The case was tried in Hartford, and has lately been decided, but in whose favor we did not learn. The parties met yesterday noon by agreement, at Olcutt's room in the U. S. Hotel. While there reports of a pistol were heard by persons in other parts of the house; and on going to the room, Holcomb was found lying dead near the door, and Olcutt on the bed, just breathing his last. The supposition is, as we have stated, that one shot the other and afterwards himself. Which of the two was the murderer is not known. Olcutt was shot through the head and Holcomb through the body.

TREASURE FOUND. The Barnstable Patriot says that "two men belonging to Nantucket, discovered on the shores of that Island a few days since, after an unusually low ebb tide, a cask, the head showing itself a little above the surface of the water, and which they found on extricating it from its bed, to contain 5000 *Spanish Dollars!* It is thought to be a part of the cargo of a brig wrecked at that place more than fifteen years ago."

News from the Seat of War.

BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

We publish below, from the Union, the Despatches of General Taylor, containing his official account of the bloody battle of Monterey:

Head Quarters, Army of Occupation, }
Camp before Monterey, Sept. 22, '46. }

SIR:—I have the honor to report that the troops under my command, including the mounted volunteers from Texas, marched from Marin on the 18th, and encamped before Monterey on the 19th inst. It was immediately discovered that the enemy occupied the town in force, and had added greatly to its strength by fortifying the approaches and commanding heights. A close reconnoisance was made the same evening by the officers of engineers on both flanks of the town, and it was determined from the information procured, to occupy the Saltillo road in the rear of the town, carrying, if practicable, the several fortified eminences in that direction. The 2d division of regular troops and a portion of Col. Hay's regiment of mounted volunteers was accordingly detached under Brig General Worth on this service, at noon on the 20th. A ten inch mortar and two 24 pounder howitzers were placed in battery during the night to play upon the citidal and town. At 7 o'clock these guns opened and continued a deliberate fire, which was returned. To create a still farther diversion in favor of Gen. Worth's movement, the remainder of the force except a camp guard, was displayed around the centre and left of the town. The infantry and one battery of the 1st division made a strong demonstration on the left, and soon became so closely engaged that I moved forward the volunteer division under Major General Butler to its support, leaving one battalion (1st Kentucky) to cover the mortar battery. A close contest then ensued, which resulted in the capture of one strong battery of four guns which with some adjacent defences our troops now occupy. A garrison was left to hold this position, and the remainder of the force returned to camp.

In the mean time, General Worth had engaged the enemy early in the morning, and defeated him with considerable loss. In the course of the day two of the batteries in the rear of the town were carried by storming parties of the 2d division, and a third was carried this morning at dawn of day. The Bishop's Palace occupied the only remaining height in rear of the town, and is completely commanded by the works already carried. Gen. Worth's division occupies the Saltillo road, and cuts off all succor or support from the interior. I must reserve a more minute report of the important operations of yesterday, until those of the different commanders are rendered, and also until a typographical sketch of the country can be prepared.

I regret to report that our successes have not been obtained without severe loss, to be attributed in a good measure to the arder of the troops in pressing forward. No returns of killed and wounded have yet been received, nor is it known what corps of Gen. Worth's division have suffered most. In the other portion of the army the 1st, 3d, and 4th regiments of Infantry the regiments of Tennessee volunteers have sustained the greatest loss. The following is believed to be an accurate list of the officers killed and wounded:

KILLED. 2d Inf.—Brev. 1st. Lieut. J. S. Woods. 3d Inf.—Capt. L. N. Morris, Capt. G. P. Field, Brev. Maj. P. F. Barbour, 1st Lieut. and Adj. D. S. Irwin, 2d Lieut. R. Hazlitt. 4th Inf.—1st Lieut. and Adj. C. Hoskins. 8th. Inf.—Capt. H. McKavett. Maryland and Washington Batt Volunteers—Lieut. Col. W. H. Watson. Volunteer Division—1st Lieut. M. Hett, Ohio Reg.; Capt. W. B. Allen, S. M. Putnam.

WOUNDED. Corps of Engineers—Brev. Maj. J. K. T. Mansfield, slightly. Topog. Engineers—Capt. W. G. Williams, in the hands of enemy. 1st Inf—Brev. Maj. J. L. Abercrombie, slightly; Capt. J. H. Lamotte, severely; 1st Lieut. J. C. Terrett, in hands of the enemy; 2d Lieut. R. Dilworth, severely; Capt. H. Bainbridge, slightly. 5th Inf.—1st Lieut. R. H. Graham, severely. 6th Inf.—1st Lieut. N. B. Rossell, slightly. 7th Inf.—2d Lieut. J. H. Potter severely. Volunteer Division—Gen. Staff—Maj. Gen. W. O. Butler, slightly. Ohio Regt. Col. A. M. Mitchell, slightly; Capt. J. George, slightly; 1st Lt. and Adj. A. W. Armstrong, very severely; 1st Lt. H. Niles, severely; 1st. Lt. L. Motter, slightly. Mississippi Regt—Lt. Col. A. H. McClung, severely; Capt. R. N. Downing, slightly; 1st Lt. H. F. Cook, slightly; 2d Lt. R. K. Arthur, do. Texas Mounted Volunteers—Capt. R. A. Gillespie, mortally.

I need hardly add, that the conduct of our troops, both regulars and volunteers, throughout the operations, have been everything that could be desired. The part which each corps contributed to the successes of the day will appear more fully in future reports. To Major Generals Butler and Henderson, and Brig. Generals Twiggs and Worth, commanding divisions, I must express my obligations for the efficient support which they have rendered—particularly so to Brig. Gen. Worth, whose services, from his detached position, have been most conspicuous.

I am, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Com'g.
The Adj. General of the Army, Washington.

Head Quarters, Army of Occupation, Sept. 23.

SIR:—I have the gratification to report that the Bishop's Palace was gallantly carried yesterday, by the troops of the 2d division. In the course of the night the batteries below the town were with one exception, abandoned by the enemy, and this morning were occupied by our troops. To-day the 3d infantry with the field artillery of the 1st division, the Mississippi and Tennessee regiment, and the 2d regiment of Texas riflemen, (dismounted,) have been warmly engaged with the enemy in the town, and have driven him with considerable loss to the plaza and its vicinity, which is yet strongly occupied. A portion of the 2d division has also advanced into the town on the right, and holds a position there. The enemy still maintains himself in the plaza and citadel, and seems determined to make a stubborn resistance.

I am particularly gratified to report that our successes of yesterday and to-day, though disastrous to the enemy, have been achieved without material loss.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the gallantry and perseverance of our troops throughout the arduous operations of the last three days.

Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Com'g.
The Adj. General of the Army, Washington.

Head Quarters, Army of Occupation, Sept. 25th.

SIR:—At noon on the 23d inst. while our troops were closely engaged in the lower part of the city, as reported in my last despatch, I received by a flag, a communication from the Governor of the State of New Leon, which is herewith enclosed, (No. 1.) To this communication, I deemed it my duty to return an answer declining to allow the inhabitants to leave the city. By eleven o'clock, P. M., the 2d Division, which had entered the town from the direction of the Bishop's Palace, had advanced within one square of the principal plaza, and occupied the city up to that point. The mortar had, in the mean time, been placed in battery in the Cemetery, within good range of the heart of the town, and was served throughout the night with good effect.

Early in the morning of the 24th, I received a flag from the town, bearing a communication from Gen. Ampudia, which I enclose, (No. 2.) and to which I returned the answer. (No. 3.) I also arranged with the bearer of the flag a cessation of fire until 12 o'clock, which hour I appointed to receive the final answer of Gen. Ampudia at Gen. Worth's Head Quarters. Before the appointed time, however, Gen. Ampudia had signified to Gen. Worth his desire for a personal interview with me, for the purpose of making some definite arrangement. An interview was accordingly appointed for one o'clock, and resulted in the naming of a commission to draw up articles of agreement regulating the withdrawal of the Mexican forces, and a temporary cessation of hostilities. The Commissioners named by the Mexican General-in Chief, were Generals Ortega and Requena and Don Manuel M. Liano, Governor of New Leon. Those named on the American side were Gen. Worth, Gen. Henderson, Governor of Texas, and Col. Davis, of the Mississippi Volunteers. The Commission finally settled upon the articles, of which I enclose a copy, (No. 4.) the duplicates of which (in Spanish and English) have been duly signed. Agreeably to the provisions of the 4th article, our troops have this morning occupied the citadel.

It will be seen that the terms granted the Mexican garrison are less rigorous than those first imposed. The gallant defence of the town, and the fact of a recent change of Government in Mexico, believed to be favorable to the interests of peace, induced me to concur with the commission in these terms, which will, I trust, receive the approval of the Government. The latter consideration also prompted the convention for a temporary cessation of hostilities. Though scarcely warranted by my instructions, yet the change of affairs since those instructions were issued, seemed to warrant this course. I beg to be advised, as early as practicable, whether I have met the views of the Government in these particulars.

I regret to report that Capt. Williams, Topographical Engineer, and Lieut. Terrett, 1st infantry, have died of the wounds received in the engagement of the 21st—Capt. Catlin, 7th infantry, was wounded (not badly) on the 23d.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Com'g.
The Adj. General of the Army, Washington.

[No. 1.]

D. Franco de Morales, Governor of New Leon, to Major General Taylor.

Monterey, Sept. 23, 8 o'clock, A. M.

As you are resolved to occupy the place by force and arms, and the Mexican General-in-Chief is resolved to defend it at every cost, as his honor and duty require him to do, thousands of victims, who from indulgence and want of means, find themselves now in the theatre of war, and who would be uselessly sacrificed, claim the right, which in all times and all countries humanity extends. As Governor of the State and a legitimate representative of the people, I state their case to you, and hope from your civilization and refinement, that whatever may be the event of the present contest, you will issue orders that families shall be respected, or will grant a reasonable time for them to leave the capital.

I have the honor to salute you, General-in-Chief of the Army of Occupation of the United States, and to assure you of my highest consideration. God and liberty!

FRANCO DE P. MORALES.
To the General-in-Chief of U. S. Army of Occupation.

[No. 2.]

D. Pedro Ampudia, General in Chief, to Maj. Gen. Taylor.

Head Quarters at Monterey, Sept. 23, 9 P. M.

Senor General: Having made the defence of which I believe this city susceptible, I have fulfilled my duty, and have satisfied that military honor which, in a certain manner, is common to all armies of the civilized world.

To prosecute the defence, therefore, would only result in distress to the population who have already suffered enough from the misfortunes consequent on war; and taking it for granted that the American government has manifested a disposition to negotiate, I propose to you to evacuate the city and its Fort, taking with me the *personelle* and *materielle* which have remained, and under the assurance that no harm shall ensue to the inhabitants who have taken a part in the defence.

Be pleased to accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.
To Senor Don Z. Taylor, Gen. in Chief U. S. Army.

[No. 3.]

Head Quarters, Army of Occupation, }
Sept. 24, 7 P. M. }

SIR:—Your communication, bearing date at nine o'clock, P. M. on the 23d inst., has just been received by the hands of Col. Moreno.

In answer to your proposition to evacuate the city and fort with all the personal and material of war, I have to state that my duty compels me to decline acceding to it. A complete surrender of the town and garrison, the latter as prisoners of war, is now demanded. But such surrender will be upon terms, and the gallant defence of the place, creditable alike to the Mexican troops and nation, will prompt me to make those terms as liberal as possible. The garrison will be allowed, at your option, after laying down its arms, to retire to the interior on condition of not serving again during the war, or until regularly exchanged. I need hardly say that the right of non-combatants will be respected.

An answer to this communication is required by twelve o'clock. If you assent to an accommodation, an officer will be despatched at once, under instructions to arrange the conditions.

I am, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Com'g.
Senor De Pedro Ampudia, Gen. in Chief, Monterey.

Terms of Capitulation of the City of Monterey, the Capital of New Leon, agreed upon by the undersigned Commissioners.

ARTICLE I. As the legitimate result of the operations before this place, and the present position of the contending Armies, it is agreed that the city, the fortifications, cannon, the munition of war, and all other public property, with the undermentioned exceptions, be surrendered to Commanding General of the United States forces now at Monterey.

ART. II. That the Mexican forces be allowed to retain the following arms, to wit: the commissioned officers their side arms, the infantry their arms and accoutrements, the cavalry their arms and accoutrements, the artillery one field battery, not to exceed six pieces, with twenty-one rounds of ammunition.

ART. III. That the Mexican armed forces retire within seven days from this date, beyond the line formed by the pass of the Rinconada, the city of Linares, and San Fannando de Presas.

ART. IV. That the citadel of Monterey evacuated by the Mexican, and occupied by the American forces, to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock.

ART. V. To avoid collisions, and for mutual convenience, that the troops of the United States will not occupy the city until the Mexican forces have withdrawn, except for hospital and forage purposes.

ART. VI. That the forces of the United States will not advance beyond the line specified in the 2d (3d) article before the expiration of eight weeks, or until the orders or instructions of the respective Governments can be received.

ART. VII. That the public property to be delivered shall be turned over and received by officers appointed by the commanding generals of the two armies.

ART. VIII. That all doubts as to the meaning of any of the preceding articles, shall be solved by an equitable construction, and on principles of liberality to the retiring army.

ART. IX. That the Mexican flag, when struck at the citadel, may be saluted by its own battery.

W. J. WORTH, Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
S. P. HENDERSON, Maj. Gen. Texan Vol.
J. DAVIS, Col. Miss. Ridemen.
MANUEL M. LIANO.
ORTEGA.
T. REQUENA.
PEDRO AMPUDIA.

Approved, Z. TAYLOR.
Done at Monterey, Sept. 24, 1846.

A COACH UNDER SAIL. The New Orleans Bulletin gives the following description of a novel vehicle in use on Galveston Beach, in Texas, viz: "A coach propelled by wind. The vehicle is constructed with four wheels, the front ones being much wider apart than those behind, and on them rests a body like that of an omnibus.—In front is the mast, on which the mainsail is placed, and where the tongue of an ordinary carriage is, is a bowsprit for the jib. It is steered by an apparatus which directs the hind wheels. The beach on Galveston Island is as level as a floor, and hard almost as stone, and when there is a fair wind, the carriage runs at railroad speed. When the trade winds prevail, the wind blowing then from the Southeast, it runs from one end of the Island to the other and back with the utmost facility." Unfortunately there are few tracts of country which present a natural surface smooth enough to admit of the use of this species of motive power, unless it be covered with water.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser writes:

"The orders had been sent to General Taylor to march to San Louis Potosi, a week before we heard of the capitulation of Monterey.

"The affair of Monterey is an interruption. It is a check, as I have said before, to the invading army. The delay will cost much in the end. The Government did not anticipate any delay at Monterey.

"I learn that the President and his advisers are much displeased at General Taylor's conduct of the war. They won't openly express their opinions, perhaps, at present. But they disapprove of his delay at Matamoras and at Camargo—a delay which was occasioned by the want of proper supplies and means of transportation. This glorious victory is attributable to his prudence—his courageous prudence—in not advancing till he was "ready." The "rough" is of little use without the "ready."

"If the plan of the campaign is such as I have supposed it to be, then the Government is perfectly correct in repudiating the armistice. This plan was formed since the answer of the provisional government to our propositions for peace. Gen. Taylor has doubtless been advised of it, ere this.

"We have a rumor that Gen. Taylor has asked for reinforcements. I do not believe it.—Gen. Taylor has as many troops as he could provide for.

"Gen. Taylor is to go on. We shall see whether the government will support him or not, when he arrives at San Louis. They can only do it in one way, by taking Tampico, and sending thence to Taylor reinforcements and supplies."

FROM MEXICO.

We find the following rumor in the Picayune:—The American Flag of the 26th ult., published at Matamoros announces the receipt of late news there from the city of Mexico direct, but the details given are not of importance. We are able to announce, however, most positively, that letters were received in this city by the Day, by a gentleman deeply interested in Mexican affairs, and from a very responsible foreign source in Matamoros, which say that Gen. Almonte has been appointed President of Mexico ad interim, and Gen. Santa Anna generalissimo of the armies of Mexico; and further, that Santa Anna was then engaged in raising and organizing troops, intending to take the field in person in the North.

The following items are from the Matamoros Flag:

Sickness continues to prevail to a great extent both at Camargo and Matamoros. At Camargo, it is said that there are eight or ten deaths per day.

All the hospitals in Matamoros are full, and new ones were being opened. Two hundred entered the hospitals there on the week ending the 23d ult.

The 1st battalion of the 2d infantry, under command of Col. B. Riley, passed Matamoros on the 18th ult., on their way to Camargo.

Capt. Swartwout, the commandant at Reynosa, is fortifying his position. Gen. Patterson is doing the same at Camargo.

Lieut. Chase has succeeded Capt Montgomery in the control of the Quartermaster's department at Matamoros. Lieut. C. displays praiseworthy energy in the discharge of his new duties.

A gentleman who arrived at Matamoros from Camargo, informed the editors of the Flag, that eight Mexicans, including two women, had been killed only a few miles below that place. The murder was attributed to some of the volunteers; but they of the Flag hope it is not so.

The Camanche Indians are committing serious depredations along the east bank of the river, and on to the Colorado.

THE STORMING OF MONTEREY.

The destructive fire to which the division under Gen. Taylor was exposed, when advancing on the enemy's forts on the 21st ult., at Monterey, may be gathered from the fate of the gallant Third Regiment.

Soon after the time when the order to advance was given, Maj. Lear, in command of the regiment at the time, got killed.

Capt. Morris then assumed the command: he too shared a like fate. Capt. Bainbridge was next to lead: he got severely wounded and had to retire.—Bvt. Maj. Barbour was the next to take command: he was killed. At the close of the engagement, Capt. Henry was in command of what remained of the regiment, which were found to number, on being mustered, 71 men, including the officers and the rank and file!

The Volunteers and Regulars. We are assured (says the New Orleans Delta,) by an officer who was in battle at Monterey, that in steady bravery, though, of course, not in methodical marching and systematic attack, the Volunteers were fully equal to the Regulars, and that is saying a great deal, for we venture the boast that there is not a finer army in the world than the Regular now in Monterey. But particularly in the scrambling fight in the streets, and on the tops of houses, the Volunteers of Mississippi, of Tennessee, and of Texas, were very effective. Indeed the chief loss of the enemy was occasioned by the shooting and sharp cutting of Tennessee rifles and Mississippi bowie knives.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE DESTROYER. A correspondent of the Boston Star, under date of "Manchester, N. H., Oct. 12th," writes as follows: "This new and flourishing city is under quite an excitement on account of an awful affair which has just come to light. An operative in one of the mills in this place, has, it seems, a long time been visited by one of our most wealthy merchants, under promise of marriage, and has been ruined by him; and last night, to hide her shame from an unpitying world, took poison, either to destroy herself, or free herself from an unlawful mother's shame. She was a beautiful girl, from Saco, Me., and I am informed by a physician that she cannot live, and that the awful spasms which she endures are enough to break the heart of a stoic. Her destroyer has left the city, leaving a note upon his counter, that he was *unexpectedly called away*. Now, has that poor girl no friends, who will mete out justice to this villain? It does seem that the *blue pills* of the revolver should be brought to bear in meting out justice to such destroyers of virtue and innocence."

DEATH OF A MISANTHROPE. A most singular character named J. B. Rosenda, a native of Italy, died in this city on Thursday evening, aged 55 years, and was interred last evening in the St. Louis graveyard. He had been, in early life, crossed in love, and came to this country with a mind soured by disappointment, a hater of the human family. He entered the night watch of this city in which he remained for twenty six years, during which time he lived as much as the nature of his employment would admit of, secluded from the world, enduring the society of others because it enabled him to amass wealth; even on his death-bed he could not bear the idea that his ashes should intermingle with those of his kind, and o rdered that his body be buried in a part away from all other graves, and that a monument be erected over it. He died worth about $12,000 in cash and 15,000 worth of property. He willed two-thirds of this to a countrymen of his in this city, and the balance, after a few small donations, to a sister of whom he had not heard for twenty years. May we hope that his long troubled spirit has at length found that which it could not or would not find here—REST. [N. O. Tropic.

ATMOSPHERE NEAR THE SEA. From various experiments made by the *savans* of Europe, it has been ascertained that the atmosphere over the sea contains less carbonic acid than that over the land; that when the sea is rough, and especially when the wind is violent, particles of seawater, in a state of great tenuity, float in the air, particularly on the coast where the waves break; and that these particles are carried to a greater or less distance, according to the violence of the wind and the degree to which the sea is agitated. Hence the influence of sea-air upon the soil and vegetation in places near the sea. [American Agriculturist.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN. Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not be dependent on servants to make your bread, sweep your floors and darn your stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject in the light that we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars.—Whenever we hear remarked—"Such a young lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often turn out a curse instead of a blessing. Young women remember this, and instead of sounding the purses of your lovers and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and hearts. Mark if they have trades—see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and the soft, delicate hand, the splendid form, and the fine appearance of the young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

THE LADIES' INITIATIVE. It is as natural for a woman to become inspired with a feeling of attachment as for a man. The only difference is, that her delicacy—a property, which I believe to be natural to her, not a mere result of education—shrinks from a broad deliberate avowal of the sentiment. But she cannot wholly disguise or conceal it. It will then depend entirely on the man's penetration, and his seeing only a natural betrayal of her preference, whether he is to be affected by it, and moved to love in return. We have all read in the divine Mantuan's eclogue—"I love Phyllis before all, for she wept when I departed."

How eternal and invariable is human nature!—one of the men of highest rank and fortune in this country was first inspired with a regard for his amiable consort by a tear which came into her eye on his departure from her father's mansion. During his whole residence, and to the moment of his leaving, there was no symptom of preference; any such demonstrations towards a man, so obviously an object for matrimonial speculations, would have only been disgusting. But the departed returned for something he had forgot—the tear, a natural tear, was there, and it had the effect of inspiring a reflection which might otherwise never have existed.

[Chambers' Edinburgh Journal

THE OLD LADY. My boy, cease laughing at that old lady. It is age that makes her bend over. Sixty years ago, when she was as young as you, she was as straight and as spry; now she is infirm and ripe for the grave. Your mother, my lad, in a few years may be as decrepid as this old lady, and will you laugh at her appearance? This woman has sons who love her as you love your mother. What would be your feelings to see your parent ridiculed as she passed through the streets. Think, and cease your laughter.—You too, may live to be old and infirm. You may totter and bend as you pass the streets. Remember this, and never again make sport of age and infirmity. If there are persons we should respect more than others, it is those whose days are nearly ended, whose shadows are lengthened for the tomb.

THE LOST HORSE. A clergyman in Hampshire, a few weeks since, drove up to the door of a brother in the neighboring town of Hadley, with whom he had appointed an exchange. It was 7 o'clock, Saturday evening; he left the horse hitched at the post. About bedtime he thought of the neglected animal, and went out to see if his Rosinate had also found *knightly* entertainment; when lo! the beast was no where to be seen. He took a lantern, and a young son of his host, and looked for the stray one till midnight, with no success. The next morning the boy and minister renewed their researches till meeting time, when the clergyman, weary and dejected, went into the church to perform his duty to the "ninety and nine that went not astray." After prayer and singing, without naming the whereabouts of his text, he exclaimed, in the language of Job, "O that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out, "I know where he is! He's in Deacon Smith's barn." [Springfield Gaz.

EATING BY THE CARD. A green 'un from Orange county, determined to spend a few weeks in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights; and in order to strike his acquaintances at home with a proper idea of the greatness of his visit, he took np lodgings at the Astor House.

When he was ushered in to dinner, the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who sat down, as well as at the vastness of the dining room. He was equally surprised to see, that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the directions. He was quite hungry—and well he might be—after waiting three hours over his usual time—so he attacked the head of his bill with vigor and ate down as far as he could, but he soon came to a stand. Just then the gentleman on his right requested the waiter to bring him some oyster pie, which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the list to see where it was.

"What!" exclaimed he, with astonishment, turning to his neighbor—"are you all the way down there? Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I would burst!"

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL." We learn from the Caddo Gazette, of Shreveport, that a short time since a negro man belonging to Gen. T. T Williamson, of that place, went down a dry well about twenty feet deep, on a ladder, and when near the bottom fell. His fall was distinctly heard by one of the general's sons who was standing by the well, and it was supposed that he had accidently lost his hold, and on its being ascertained that he was unable to speak, a bucket of water was thrown upon him and then a bottle of camphor. He was heard to breathe very loudly and as it seemed with much difficulty. This suggested the possibility of the existence of carbonic acid gas, which is so deleterious to animal life, and a bucket of lime was then thrown down, and in a short time he was enabled by the direction and encouragement of his master to raise his head, and soon to recover so far as to crawl up the ladder.

VESSEL ON FIRE. Brig C. H. Appleton, at New Orleans 29th, from Thomaston, reports passed 12th ult., lat. 37, lon. 73 28, a large brig on fire, decks all burned; the bowsprit and jibboom fell in while passing her. She appeared to be loaded with lime, but her name could not be made out. She hailed from Camden.

Capt. Albert Blanchard, who distinguished himself at the battles of Monterey, is a native of Charlestown, Massachusetts; and by his bravery and good conduct has won a reputation worthy of a descendant of the men of Bunker Hill.

Gen. Worth, too, is a Massachusetts man, and was born at Martha's Vineyard. So says the Post.

Capt. Eaton states that the Mexicans lost more men at the battle of Monterey, than our army did. Capt. E. was in the fight and afterwards came on to Washington.

INTEMPERANCE. Of two hundred and three prisoners in Auburn prison, all but one were addicted to drunkenness. So says the Prisoner's Friend.

THE WINNEBAGOES A treaty has just been concluded with the Winnebagoes, by which they cede their lands in Iowa to the United States.

GENEROUS. Hon. Abbott Lawrence has recently presented $1,000 to Amherst College, for a Cabinet and Observatory.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

[CORRECTED OCT. 21ST.]

Ashes, per 100 lbs.			**Provisions,**		
Pot,	7 @	8	Pork, round hogs,	0 @	6
Beans,			Clear salt do.	7 @	9
White,	1 00 @	1 25	Beef, ox,	3 00 @	5 00
Pea,	1 00 @	1 50	do. cow,	3 00 @	3 50
Flour,	6 00 @	6 25	Butter,	14 @	16
Grain,			Lard,	7 @	10
Corn,	75 @	00	Cheese,	4 @	8
Oats,	33 @	00	Mutton,	2 @	4
Wheat,	1 00 @	0 00	Chickens,	7 @	8
Rye,	84 @	92	Geese,	5 @	6
Barley,	40 @	50	Eggs,	12 @	14
Peas, field,	75 @	1 00	Apples, dr'd,	0 @	0
Hay, loose,	6 00 @	7 00	do. cooking,	12 @	20
Seed,			do. winter,	00 @	0 00
Clover,	8 @	10	Potatoes,	34 @	50
Flax seed	1 00 @		**Meal,**		
H. grass,	1 50 @	1 75	Indian,	90 @	1 00
Red op,	50 @	75	Rye,	95 @	1 25
Plaster Paris,			**Wool,**		
per ton,	6 00 @		Fleece,	18 @	22
Lime,			Pulled,	25 @	00
Thomaston, new ins.,			Woolskin,	20 @	30
	83 @				

BOSTON MARKET, Oct. 17.

Flour.—The stock is small in market, partly owing to the extensive drought at the west. The principal sales consist of Genesee, good common brands, 2000 bbls. $5,-62½ @ $5,63¾—fresh Ohio flat hoop, $5¾ @ $5½ ℔ bbl. Rye flour, $4½ ℔ bbl.

Grain.—The stock is not large and is in the hands of few persons. Several small parcels yellow flat corn sold at 80 @ 81c ℔ bushel measure, and 77 @ 78c do. prime mealing, weight. Southern white, 75c, and New Orleans do. do. 72c ℔ bushel. Oats—Delaware 35 @ 36, and North River, 44c. ℔ bushel.

Wool.—American Full Blood,	- - -	33 @ 35
	¾ - - -	27 @ 30
	½ - - -	27 @ 30
	¼ - - -	22 @ 25
Prime Saxony Fleeces, washed, ℔ lb	-	37 @ 40
Smyrna, washed, - - - - - -		00 @ 00
unwashed, - - - - -		10 @ 14
Buenos Ayres, - - - - - -		06 @ 14
Pulled wool, Northern superfine Lambs,	-	28 @ 30
No. 1, Lambs' - - - - -		25 @ 26
No. 2, - - - - -		16 @ 18
No. 3, - - - - -		12 @ 14

BRIGHTON MARKET, Oct. 12.

At market 2350 cattle, a large part beef—30 yokes working oxen, 42 cows and calves, 2300 sheep, and about 1600 swine.

Prices.—Beef Cattle.—1st quality, $5,50; second, $5,90; third, $3,25 @ $4.00.

Stores.—Sales of yearlings at $7 to $10; 2 year's old at $10 to $16, and 17.

Working Oxen.—Sales were noticed at $70, $73, and $91.

Cows and Calves.—Sales were made at $14, $18, $20, $22, $26, $29,50, $34, and $42,50.

Sheep.—Sales of lots varying from $1,38 to $3,12.

Swine.—Old hogs 4½c; shoats at wholesale for 6c, and barrows 4½c. At retail from 4½ to 5½ and 6c.

☞The best testimonials of the efficacy of any medicine are to be found in the improved health and appearance of those using it. Hundreds in this way witness the superiority of *Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters.* Nevertheless we may adduce a few of the genuine authentic written testimonials in its favor in the possession of the proprietor. Mr. Philip Wilcox, of the well known firm of Wilcox & Richmond, ship wrights of New Bedford, was entirely cured of a confirmed canker of the stomach, throat and mouth, with sore lips usually accompanying this disease, and his general health much improved by the use of only one bottle. Mr. Wilcox had suffered severely for a number of years with this disease, and attributes his cure entirely to the use of the bitters.

Col. John Baylies, Deputy Sheriff of Bristol county, Mass., has voluntarily certified that he was cured by the bitters, of jaundice, indigestion, headache and vertigo.

Col. Gibbs, of Sandwich, testifies that several persons in that town well known to him, have been benefitted by the use of the bitters, and in every case they have given the most perfect satisfaction.

J. R. Perkins, Esq., Attorney at Law, of New Bedford, was cured of an unpleasant eruption of the face, by the use of the bitters.

The proprietor or his agents are permitted to refer to many persons of the first respectability in various parts of the State, who have used this new and invaluable medicine with perfect success.

☞Be particular and ask for Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no other.

J. E. LADD, only agent in Augusta.

Hymeneal.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild;
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

In this town, Mr. Charles Britt to Miss Julia Kimball of Hallowell.

In this town, Mr. Simon Morrison to Miss Sylvinia Brooks, both of Hallowell; Mr. Albert Folsom to Miss Rachel Ann Wharff; Mr. Joseph Clark to Miss Sarah L. McCausland.

In Bloomfield, 7th inst., Mr. Theodore A Bush to Miss Clara Browne Pooler.

In Bowdoinham, by the Rev. J. Hawkes, Mr. Harrison Hubbard of East Cambridge, Mass., to Miss Ann L. Eaton of B.

In China, Mr. Joseph W. Stuart of Belgrade, to Miss Eva R., daughter of Elisha Clark, Esq.

In Cahis, Mr. Jesse G. Sprague of Charlotte, to Miss Harriet S. Fisher.

In Brunswick, Mr. George W. Briggs to Miss Harriet Wing.

In Thomaston, Capt. James S. Kelloch to Miss Emeline McKellar; Mr. W. C. McIntosh to Miss Lucretia Walsh; Capt. Charles Bradbury to Miss Nancy M. Butler; Mr. Winchester L. Rice of Camden, to Miss Philetia C. Guptill of T.

In New Bedford, N. P. Willis, Esq., of New York, to Miss Cornelia Grinnell.

In Hallowell, Capt. R. W. Leigh to Miss Caroline M. Tapley.

Obituary.

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

In this town, Ruth M. L., wife of Parker Sheldon, Esq. of Gardiner, aged 48.

In Gardiner, Enoch Dill, aged 48; he was a member of Warren Division, S. of T.

In Paris, Lewis Follett, aged 60 years.

In Jefferson, Samuel Jackson, Esq., aged 63.

In Woolwich, Mr. George W. Reed, aged 21.

In Lisbon, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hinkley, aged 79.

In Thomaston, Mary, widow of the late Samuel Eaton, aged about 90.

At sea, George Coffin of Brunswick, aged 25.

In Cape Elizabeth, Weston Pillsbury, printer, aged 18.

In Wakefield, Daniel Brown; he was killed by a wheel passing over his body.

In Waterville, Benj. Philbrick, aged 22.

In East Vassalboro', Pamelia, wife of George Kinnie, aged 39.

In Lee, John T., son of Stephen Lee, aged 23.

In Richmond, Samuel Watson, aged 52.

In Thomaston, James D. Wheaton, aged 81; Benjamin Tucker, aged 67.

In Hartland, Mary, daughter of John Conner, aged 24.

In Camden, Cushing Pray, aged about 30.

AUGUSTA MARINE LIST,

ARRIVED.

October 14, schr. Silas Parker, Coffin, Nantucket.
15, Susan, Graves, Dorchester.
Van Buren, Pool, Boston.
Carroll, Kelley, Providence.
Rochester, Davis, Philadelphia.
17, Savoy, ——, Portland.
Alice, Talbot, do.
Consul, Gove, Boston.
19, Liberty, Moore, Pictou.
20, Diamond, Reed, Salem.
Alexandria, Randall, Nantucket.

CLEARED.

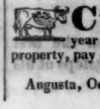
October 15, brig Casco, York, Portland.
16, schr. Odd Fellow, Reed, Boston.
Ticonic, Daly, Texas.
Carroll, Kelley, Gardiner.
18, Santa Maria, Pettingill, New York.
Franklin, ——, do.
Alice, Talbot, Portland.
Eastern Star, Noble, Salem.
19, Delaware, Perry, South.
20, Alice, Bowler, Salem.
Liberty, Moore, Gardiner.
Augusta, Beck, Boston.

Bosom Pin Lost.

LOST, on the 19th instant, somewhere between Winthrop and Augusta, a gold bosom pin, with the name of ADELINE B. MORTON engraved on the back. Whoever may find it and return it to the Farmer office or to the subscriber, shall be suitably rewarded.

Augusta, Oct. 43 C. B. MORTON.

WHALE OIL, bleached and refined, at wholesale and retail by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.



CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, some time in August last, a deep red two year old heifer; the owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

STEPHEN S. KEESE.

Augusta, October 15th, 1846. *43

First Rate Farm for Sale.

THE subscriber, being advanced in years, offers his farm for sale, situate in Augusta, on the east side of the river, a short distance below the Insane Hospital.

There is upon the premises a good brick house, a good barn, and suitable out-houses. The farm is well watered, and well divided into pasturage, tillage, mowing and wood-land, is in a good state of cultivation, and contains about 100 acres. It may be conveniently divided into two small farms, if it would suit purchasers.—Its proximity to the villages of Hallowell and Augusta, while it is at the same time sufficiently retired for agricultural operations, renders it both pleasant and convenient, and enhances its value to one who wishes either to attend the markets or to live at a short distance from the business of the town.

Terms reasonable—one-third down, and the balance in two equal annual instalments.

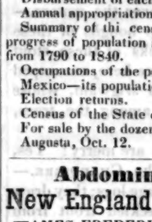
N. B. If not sold before the 19th of November next, it will be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, to the highest bidder.

CORNELIUS ALLEN.

Augusta, October 19, 1846. 43

Fresh Drugs.

JUST received at the Drug Store of DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, a fresh supply of Drugs and Medicines of the first quality, and for sale at very low prices. Former patrons, and purchasers of Drugs generally are invited to call at No. 3 Market square. 43



DAVID KNOWLTON,
ON OAK STREET,
HAS on hand a large assortment of
Furniture, Chairs, And Looking Glasses.
Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call and examine before they buy elsewhere.
Birch and Pine Coffins of all sizes, on hand.

N. B. All kinds of OLD FURNITURE repaired at short notice.

Augusta, October, 1846. 43

SPITTOONS for 25 cents; a strong earthen article, indispensably necessary in these days of neatness and air-tight stoves, for sale by R. PARTRIDGE.

PURE SPERM OIL, winter and fall, for family use, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest prices, by 43 DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

The Whig Almanac for 1847.

CONTENTS. Calculations for the year 1847—customary notes, chronological cycles, movable feasts, equinoxes and solstices, eclipses for 1847, &c.

Calendars for the several months of 1847—calculations for the different States of the Union. Anecdotes on each calendar page.

Grain imported into Great Britain—imports of cheese into Great Britain—census of the city of New York.

Government of the United States—Executive, Judicial, and Senate; do. House of Representatives.

Political history, 1846—Congress; condition of the country; Oregon; Texas and Mexico; our brave defenders; the sub treasury; the tariff of 1846.

The Oregon treaty, with the official correspondence.

The war with Mexico—being a condensed but truthful relation of the origin and progress of the war, with a sketch of the route from Matamoras to Point Isabel.

Poetry—Bingen, by Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Ad valorem duties—Mr. Webster's speech on the tariff of 1846.

Value of foreign coin in the United States.

The new tariff of 1846, complete, with the duties alphabetically arranged, and a table of the tares allowed at the custom house.

The sub treasury law, complete.

The vetoed river and harbor bill, with a list of the proposed appropriations.

Annual expenditures of the Federal Government since the inauguration of Washington in 1789

Disbursement of each Administration from 1789 to 1845.

Annual appropriations for 1846.

Summary of thi census of the United States in 1840—progress of population in the United States for 50 years, from 1790 to 1840.

Occupations of the people, by the census of 1840.

Mexico—its population, domestic facilities, exports.

Election returns.

Census of the State of New York.

For sale by the dozen or single, by

Augusta, Oct. 12. 43 EDW'D FENNO.

Abdominal Supporters.
New England Truss Manufactory.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved *TRUSSES*, at his old stand, No. 305 Washington street, opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue, Boston, where he has been for the last ten years—and his residence and business being both in the same building, he can be seen at home nearly the whole of the time, day or evening. He has more room and better conveniences for the Truss business than any other person engaged in it in this city or any other.

Also—Abdominal Supporters for Prolapsus Uteri; Trusses for Prolapsus Ani; Suspensory Bags, Knee Caps, Back Boards, Steeled Shoes for deformed feet; Trusses repaired at one hour's notice, and often times made to answer as well as new. The subscriber having worn a truss himself for the last twenty-five years, and fitted so many for the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases that may come to him.

Convex Spiral trusses, Dr. Chase's trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Leech; trusses of galvanized metal that will not rust, having wooden and copper pads, Read's Spiral truss; Rundell's do; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's patent French do; Bateman's do. double and single; Stone's Trusses; also trusses for children, of all sizes. Marsh's truss; Dr. Hull's do; Thompson's Ratchet do, and the Shaker's Rocking trusses, may be had at this establishment. Whispering tubes and ear trumpets, that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing.

All Ladies in want of Abdominal Supporters or trusses, waited on by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten year's experience in the business.

Certificates.

From Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston.—Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with hernia have suffered much from the want of skillful workmen in accommodating trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster, to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beath. After some months of observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr. Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself called upon to recommend him to my professional brethren, and to the public, as a person well fitted to their wants in regard to these important articles. JOHN C. WARREN, M. D.

From Dr. Robbins, Roxbury.—Since the death of Mr. John Beath, I have used, in preference to all other trusses, those made by Mr. J. F. Foster of Boston.

P. G. ROBBINS, M. D.

From Dr. Greene, Boston.—I have sent many persons to be fitted with trusses and abdominal supporters by Jas. F. Foster, and he has uniformly given full satisfaction in their application.

The benefit of such instruments is often lost, in consequence of their imperfect construction, and from neglect in properly fitting them; on this account I am in the habit of sending patients to Mr. Foster, confidently believing that he will give them a good article, and see that they are well fitted. H. B. C. GREENE, M. D.

Boston, April 27, 1846.—The undersigned is familiar with the ability of Mr. J. F. Foster, to manufacture trusses, the various kinds of supporters and other apparatus required by invalids, and fully believes that the character of his work will favorably compare with that of other artists.

J. V. C. SMITH, Ed. of Boston Medical Journal.

Boston, October, 1846. 43

New Store and New Goods.

JONATHAN HEDGE is happy to inform his friends and former customers that he has again resumed business, and taken one of the stores in the new block, (No. 6 Union Row,) opposite Bridge's block, and formed a partnership with LEWIS B. HAMLEN and ASA W. HEDGE, under the firm of HEDGE, HAMLEN & CO., and now offer for sale a general assortment of

Goods, Groceries & Provisions,

Among which are 100 hhds. salt, 25 bbls. pork, 10 hhds. molasses, 20 bbls. and boxes sugar, 20 bags coffee, 10 bales sheetings and shirtings; prints, broadcloths, cassimeres; boots, shoes, hats, caps, &c. &c., all of which will be sold for cash, country produce, or short approved credit.

All those indebted to him on old accounts, are requested to call and settle. 41 Oct. 8, 1846.

THE "*Self Recommending*" *COUGH CANDY*, a new and celebrated article for coughs, colds &c. for sale by 43 DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

Fire Insurance!

THE Subscriber has been appointed agent of the HOLYOKE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Salem, Mass., and is prepared to receive applications at his office.

BENJAMIN A. G. FULLER.

Augusta, August 25, 1845. *35

To Grain Growers.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they continue the business of building

Pitts' Horse Powers and Pitts' Machine for Thrashing and Cleansing Grain,

With the most recent improvements, at their shop at Winthrop Village, a few rods south of the Woolen Factory.—Also the common thrashers without the cleansers.

All persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine for themselves. SAM'L BENJAMIN, CYRUS DAVIS.

Winthrop, May 25, 1846. 22tf

Removal.---New Store.

THE subscriber having removed to the **New and Spacious Store, No. 4 Union block,** directly opposite his old stand, now offers at low prices, a complete assortment of

Crockery, Glass, and China Ware,

Of his own Importation from the best English potteries. Ware packed for Country Trade, and *ASSORTED CRATES* constantly for sale at Boston prices. Also a large and splendid stock of

Furniture and Feathers,

Chairs, Looking-glasses, Mattrasses, Knives and Forks, Tea Trays, Solar Lamps, &c. &c., at reduced prices.

Please call and examine this stock. J. D. PIERCE.

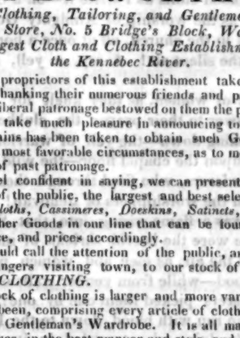
Augusta, Sept. 28, 1846. 40

Gooding & Gavett,

Lamp, Chandelier & Girandole Manufacturers,
No. 12, Hawkins' Street, Boston.

THE subscriber will receive orders for all kinds of solar, mantle, hanging, parlor, study, side and stand lamps, manufactured in the most workmanlike manner and at the shortest notice. Chandeliers for halls, public buildings and churches, from 2, 3, 4, to any number of lights desired, and of the most approved patterns. Old lamps of every description altered to solar, rebronzed, and finished in or molu. Orders for brass, copper, composition, and zinc castings executed at short notice. J. D. PIERCE,

Augusta, Oct., '46. 41 Ag't for manufacturers.



J. L. MOTT'S *PATENT AGRICULTURAL FURNACE*, for sale at the Hardware and Stove Store of 38 LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.

New Crockery, Glass Ware, &c.

R. PARTRIDGE has received a new stock of *Crockery, China, and Glass Ware*, comprising some of the most splendid patterns of flowing and fixed deep blue, white granite, brown and light blue, dining, coffee, tea, and toilet ware. Elegant centre solar lamps, with and without glass drops; hanging solars, lard solars, glass lamps, entry lamps, lanterns of all varieties and prices; splendid girandoles or candelabras, with rich glass prisms; China, wedgwood, and glass vases; torch boxes, bouquet stands, and all kinds of common crockery and glass ware. **Feathers,** from the very best to be found to the cheapest. Knives and forks, common spoons, candle stocks, &c. **Paper Hangings** from 10 cents upwards. French and German accordeons and melodeons.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine the styles, qualities, and prices.

Augusta, October 6. 41

Great Opening for the Fall and Winter Trade,

AT BOSWORTH'S

Cloth, Clothing, Tailoring, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, No. 5 Bridge's Block, Water-St., the largest Cloth and Clothing Establishment on the Kennebec River.

THE proprietors of this establishment take pleasure in thanking their numerous friends and patrons for the very liberal patronage bestowed on them the past years, and also take much pleasure in announcing to them that unusual pains has been taken to obtain such Goods, and under the most favorable circumstances, as to merit a continuance of past patronage.

We feel confident in saying, we can present to the inspection of the public, the largest and best selected stock of *Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Satinets, Vestings*, and all other Goods in our line that can be found at any other place, and prices accordingly.

We would call the attention of the public, and particularly strangers visiting town, to our stock of *READY MADE CLOTHING.*

Our stock of clothing is larger and more varied than it has ever been, comprising every article of clothing necessary for a Gentleman's Wardrobe. It is all manufactured by ourselves, in the best manner and style, and well made, expressly for our trade.

Custom Work made up in the very best manner, as regards style, fit or workmanship, at lower prices than usual.

Cloths by the Yard.—We wish it to be distinctly understood, we not only manufacture cloths into garments, but sell them by the yard. Those who wish to buy cloths by the yard, would do well to examine our stock.

Call at No. 5 and you will not be disappointed, but will readily coincide in all our statements.

Oct. 2. 41 R. T. & J. I. BOSWORTH.

New Certificate for Sons of Temperance.

THE subscribers take pleasure in announcing that their new certificate of membership for Sons of Temperance is now ready for delivery. Price fifty cents. The certificate is twenty-one by twenty-four inches in size, engraved on steel, and is printed on fine paper, manufactured expressly for it. Br. Jones, who has been employed by the Art-Union for some time past, has made this one of his best pieces; and no expense has been spared by the subscribers in having this a perfect specimen of artistical skill, suitable for adorning the parlor of the most severe critic. Divisions will be furnished with them, where 25 or more are taken, at 40 cents cash.

COSINE & HASSERT,
3m38 21 Sun Building, New York.

THICK BOOTS.

C. B. MORTON has just received a large assortment of Thick Boots from his Manufactory in Winthrop, which he will sell, at wholesale or retail, as low as they can be purchased in the State. Also constantly on hand a large assortment of *BOOTS* and *SHOES*, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms,

Augusta, Aug. 25, 1846. 35

Solar Lamps.

SOLAR, hanging, side and stand lamps; lamp shades, wicks, chimneys &c., constantly for sale at PIERCE'S Furniture and Crockery Store, No. 4, Union Block.

Augusta, Oct. 6th, 1846. 41

Dissolution.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Kelley & Libby, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having demands against the late firm or those who are indebted to them will please settle the same with B. LIBBY, who has taken the stand and assumed the debts. AMASA KELLEY,
BRADBURY LIBBY.

Augusta, October 1, 1846. 41

Cider Wanted.

WE want to contract with farmers for cider, in any quantity from 5 to 1500 bbls., to be delivered in the month of November, for which CASH will be paid by

WILLS & LOMBARD.

Augusta, October, 1846. 41

Joy to the World!

RELIEF for the distressed and balm for the wounded is found in Perry Davis' *VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.* A fresh supply of this popular medicine just received and for sale wholesale and retail by

41 DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

"More Light upon the Subject."

LARD solar standing lamps, a new article for burning lard or cheap whale oil, giving a great light at a very small expense. Hanging lamps upon the same principle, for stores, shops, churches &c., for sale low by

41 R. PARTRIDGE.

Hardware and Iron Store,

No. 4, Phœnix Buildings, Water St., Augusta.

ARNO A. BITTUES invites the attention of his friends and others to his large and superior assortment of Hardware, Iron, Steel, Glass, &c., consisting in part of articles for **House building** and **House furnishing.**

Also *Mechanics' Tools, Cutlery, Mill Saws, Brittania Ware, Brushes, Feathers, &c.*, all of which will be sold at low prices for cash or approved credit.

August 25th, 1846. 35

FOR SALE, a new iron-ax wagon, at a reduced price, by 30 DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTH constantly for sale by HALLETT & COLBURN.

Augusta, Sept. 22, 1846. 39

PAIN KILLER. A large lot received from the proprietor, (fresh) and for sale wholesale and retail at his prices, by COFREN & BLATCHFORD.

Glue.

600 LBS UPTON'S EXTRA GLUE just received by J. D. PIERCE.

Augusta, June 15th. 25

For 90 Days.

I HAVE just made a large addition to the stock of **DRY GOODS** belonging to the late firm of J. & M. A. CHANDLER, and shall sell, for 90

The Muse.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that? 'Tis summer's farewell,
In the breath of the night-wind sighing;
The chill breeze comes, like a sorrowful dirge
That wails o'er the dead and the dying.
The sapless leaves are eddying round,
On the path where they lately shaded;
The oak of the forest is losing its robe,
The flowers have fallen and faded.
All that I look on but saddens my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should depart.

Yet why should *I sigh*? Other summers will come,
Joys like the past one bringing;
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit,
Again will the birds be singing.
The forest will put forth its "honors" again,
The rose be as sweet in its breathing,
The woodbine will climb round the lattice pane,
As wild and as rich in its wreathing.
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum,
Other flowers will spring, other summers will come.

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming?
This spirit may sleep too soundly then
To wake with the warbling or humming.
This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,
When the summer sun next is glowing;
The cherishing ray may gild with the light
The grass on my grave-turf growing;
The earth may be glad, but the worms and gloom
May dwell with *me* in the silent tomb!

And few would weep, in the beautiful world,
For the fameless one that had left it;
Few would remember the form cut off,
And mourn the stroke that cleft it:
Many may keep my name on their lip,
Pleased while *that* name degrading;
My follies and sins alone would live,
A theme for their cold upbraiding.
Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
May there be ere the summer sun next shall beam.

The Story Teller.

[From the Saturday Courier.]

The March through the Wilderness.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There was a day, my friends, when some Italian peasants, toiling in the vineyards of their cloudless clime, beneath the shadow of those awful Alps, that rise as if to the very Heavens, ran in terror to the village Priest, begging him to pray for them, for the end of the world was coming.

The Priest calmly enquired the cause of all the clamor. Soon the mystery was explained.—Looking up into the white ravines of the Alps, the peasants had seen an army coming down—emerging from that awful wilderness of snow and ice, where the avalanche had spoken, for ages—with cannons, and plumes, and banners, and a little man in a grey riding-coat in their midst.

That little man was named Napoleon Bonaparte—a YOUNG MAN, who one day was starving in Paris for the want of a dinner, and the next held France in the palm of his hand.

That was a great deed, the crossing of the Alps, by the young man, Napoleon, but I will tell you a bolder deed, done by the Patriot, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

In April, 1775, that man Arnold stood behind a counter, mixing medicines, pasting labels on phials, and putting poisons in their places.

In May, the Druggist Arnold, stood beside stout Ethan Allen, in the gate of conquered Ticonderoga.

In September, the soldier Arnold was on his way to Quebec, through an untrodden desert of three hundred miles.

—

One night, the young Commander Washington sate in his tent at Cambridge, (near Boston,) with his eye fixed on the map of Canada, and his finger laid on that spot marked QUEBEC.

While thus employed a soldier stood by his side.

"Give me two thousand men, General," said he, "and I will take Quebec."

Washington answered this with a look of incredulous surprise.

"Three hundred miles of untrodden wilderness are to be traversed, ere you can obtain even a glimpse of the rock of Quebec."

"Yet I will go!" was the firm response of the soldier.

"But there are rocks, and ravines, and dense forests, and unknown lakes, and impassable cataracts in the way," answered Washington; "and then the cold winter will come on; your provisions will fail; your men will be starved or frozen to death."

Still that soldier was firm.

"Give me two thousand men, and I will go!"

Do you mark the bold brow—the clear, dark eye—the determined lip of that soldier? Do you behold the face of Washington—utterly unlike your vulgar pictures of the man—each outline moulded by a high resolve, the eye gleaming chivalry, the brow radiant with the light of genius?

That soldier was Benedict Arnold.

Washington took him by the hand, and bade him go!

"Yes, go through the wilderness. Attack and possess Quebec. Then the annexation of Canada will be certain; the American name will embrace a Continent. Go! and God speed you on your journey."

Did that great truth ever strike you? Washington did not fight for a Half-America, or a Piece-America, but for the Continent, the whole CONTINENT. His army was not called the American, but the CONTINENTAL army. The Congress was not entitled American, but CONTINENTAL. The very currency was CONTINENTAL.—In one word, Washington and his compatriots were impressed with the belief that God had given the whole Continent to the Free. Therefore he gazed upon the map of Canada. Therefore, pressing Arnold's hand, he bade him God speed!

And he did go. Yes, look yonder on the broad ocean. Behold that little fleet of eleven vessels stealing along the coast, toward the mouth of the Kennebec. That fleet, sailing on the 17th of September, 1775, contains eleven hundred brave men, and their leader, Benedict Arnold.

They reach the mouth of the Kennebec—they glide along its cliff-embosomed shores. These brave men are about to traverse an untrodden wilderness of 300 miles, and then attack the Gibraltar of America. If that was not a bold idea, then the crossing of the Alps was a mere holiday pastime.

Let us leave this little army to build their canoes near the mouth of the Kennebec; let us hurry into the thick wilderness.

Even in these days of steam and rail-road cars, the Kennebec is beautiful. Some of you have wandered there by its deep waters, and seen the smiles of woman mirrored in its wave. Some of you have gazed upon those high cliffs, those shadowy glens, now peopled with the hum of busy life.

But in the day when Arnold dared its solitudes, there was a grandeur stamped on these rocks and cliffs—a grandeur fresh from the hands of God.

Yet, even amidst its awful wilds, there was a scene of strange loveliness, a picture which I would stamp upon your souls.

Stretching away from the dark waters of that river—where another stream mingles with its flood—a wide plain, bounded by dense forests, breaks on your eye.

As the glimmering day is seen over the eastern hills, there, in the centre of the plain, stands a solitary figure, a lone Indian, the last of a line of kings; yes, with his arms folded, his war-blanket gathered about his form, the hatchet and knife lying idly at his feet—there stands the last of a long line of forest kings, gazing at the ruins of his race.

The ruins of his race? Yes—look there! In the centre of that plain, a small fabric arises under the shade of centuried oaks—a small fabric, with battered walls and rude windows, stands there like a tomb in the desert, so lonely, even amid this desolation.

Let us enter this rude place. What a sight is there! As the first gleam of day breaks over the eastern hills, it trembles through those rude windows, it trembles upon that shattered altar, that fallen cross.

Altar and cross? What do they here in the wilderness? And why does that lone Indian—that last of the kings—who could be burned without a murmur—why does he mutter wildly to himself as he gazes upon his ruin?

Listen. Here, many years ago, dwelt a powerful Indian tribe, and here, from afar over the waters, came a peaceful man, clad in a long coarse robe, with a rude cross hanging on his breast. That peaceful man built the church, reared the altar, planted the cross. Here, in the calmness of the summer evening, you might see the red warrior with blunted war-knife, come to worship; the little Indian child kneeling there, clasping its tiny hands, as it learned, in its rude dialect, to lisp the name of Jesus; and here the dark brown Indian maiden, with her raven hair falling over her bending form, listened with dilating eyes, to that story of the virgin-mother.

Here, that man with the cross on his breast, lived and taught for twenty-five years. Forsaking the delights of Parisian civilization, the altars and monuments of the eternal city, he came here to teach the rude Indian that he had a soul, that God cared for him, that a great Being, in a far distant land, wept, prayed, died for *him*, the dusky savage of the woods. When he first came here, his hair was dark as night; here he lived until it matched the winter's snow.

One Sabbath morn, just as the day broke over these hills, while man and woman and child knelt before the altar, while the aged Priest stood yonder, lifting the sacramental cup above his head, yes—my blood chills as I write it—on a Sabbath morning, as the worship of Almighty God was celebrated in the church, all at once a horrid cry broke on the silent air! A cry, a yell, a wild hurrah!

The cry of women, as they knelt for mercy, and in answer to their prayer the clubbed rifle came crushing down—the yell of warriors shot like dogs upon the chapel floor—the wild hurrah of the murderers, who fired through these windows upon the worshippers of Jehovah!

There was a flame rising into that Sabbath sky—there were the horrid shrieks of massacre ringing on the air, as men and women plunged into the flood—while from yonder walls of rocks the murderers picked them one by one! The lonely plain ran with blood, down to the Kennebec, and the dying who struggled in its waves, left but a bloody track on the waters, to tell of their last fatal plunge.

And yonder, yes, in the church of God, kneeling beside that altar, clasping that cross with his trembling hands, there crouched the old man as the death-blow sank into his brain!

His white hair was dyed blood-red even as the name of the Saviour quivered from his lips.

Even, came—where a Nation had been, was now only a harvest of dead bodies: where Religion had been, was now only an old man, murdered beside his altar.

Yet still, in death, his right hand uplifted, clung to the fallen cross.

And who were the murderers?

I will not say that they were Christians, but they were white men, and the children of white parents. They had been reared in the knowledge of a Saviour; they had been taught the existence of a God. They were soldiers, too, right brave men, withal, for they came with knife and rifle, skulking like wolves along these rocks, to murder a congregation in the act of worshipping their Maker.

Do you ask me for my opinion of such men? I cannot tell you. But were this tongue mute, this hand palsied, I would only ask the power of speech to say one word—the power of pen, to write that word in letters of fire—and the word would be—SCORN!—SCORN UPON THE MURDERERS OF FATHER RALLE!

And now, as the light of morning broke over the desolate plain, there stood the lone Indian, gazing upon the ruins of his race. Natanis, the last of the Norridgewocks, among the graves of his people!

But now he gazes far down the dark river—ha! what strange vision comes here?

Yonder, gliding from the shelter of the deep woods, comes a fleet of canoes, carrying strange warriors over the waters. Strange warriors, clad in the blue hunting-frock, faced with fur; strange warriors, with powder-horn, knife and rifle. Far ahead of the main body of the fleet, a solitary canoe skims over the waters. That canoe contains the oarsman, and another form, wrapped in a rough cloak, with his head drooped on the breast, while the eye flashes with deep thoughts—the form of the Napoelon of the wilderness, BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Look! He rises in the canoe—he stands erect—he flings the cloak from his form—he lifts the rough fur cap from his brow. Do you mark each outline of that warrior form? Do you note the bold thought now struggling into birth over that prominent forehead, along that compressed lip, in the gleam of those dark eyes, sunken deep beneath the brow?

He stands there, erect in the canoe, with outspread arms, as though he would say—

"Wilderness, I claim ye as my own! Rocks, ye cannot daunt me; cataracts, ye cannot apal! Starvation, death, and cold—I will conquer ye all!"

Look! As he stands there, erect in the canoe, the Indian, Natanis, beholds him, springs into the river, and soon stands by his side.

"The Dark-Eagle comes to claim the wilderness," he speaks in the wild Indian tongue, which Arnold knows so well. "The wilderness will yield to the Dark-Eagle, but the Rock will defy him. The Dark-Eagle will soar aloft to the sun. Nations will behold him, and shout his praises. Yet when he soars highest, his fall is most certain. When his wing brushes the sky, then the arrow will pierce his heart!"

It was a Prophecy. In joy or sorrow, in battle or council, in honor or treason, Arnold never forgot the words of Natanis.

He joins that little fleet; he advances with Arnold into the Wilderness. Let us follow him there!

Now dashing down boiling rapids, now carrying their canoes through miles of forest, over hills of rock, now wading for long leagues, through water that freezes to their limbs, as they go, the little army of Arnold advance.

On, brave Arnold, on! For you the awful mountain has no terrors, the cold that stops the blood in its flowing, no fear. Not even the dark night when the straggler falls dying by the way, and unknown ravines yawn far below your path, not even the darker day when the little store of parched corn fails, and your famished soldiers feed on the flesh of dogs—when even the snake is a dainty meal—not even terrors like these can scare your iron soul? On, brave Arnold, on!

Look, at last, after dangers, too horrible to tell, the little fleet is floating down that stream, whose awful solitude gained it this name, THE RIVER OF THE DEAD. Far over the waters look! A tremendous mountain rises there from the waters above all other mountains into the blue sky, white, lonely and magnificent, an alabaster altar, to which the Angels may come to worship.

Under the shadow of this mountain the little army of Arnold encamped for three days. A single, bold soldier, ascends the colossal steep; stands there far above amid the snow and sunbeams, and at last comes rushing down with a shriek of joy.

"Arnold!" he cries, "I have seen the rock and spires of Quebec!"

What a burst of joy rises from that little host! Quebec! the object of all their hopes, for which they starve, and toil, and freeze! Hark! to that deep-mouthed hurrah!

Benedict Arnold then takes from his breast,—where wrapped in close folds he had carried it, through all his dreary march—a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He hoists it in the air. For the first time the Banner of the Rights of Man which God has given his stars, floats over the waters of the Wilderness.

On, brave Arnold, on! On, over the deep rapids and the mountain rock; on again in hunger and cold, until desertion and disease have thinned your band of eleven hundred down to nine hundred men of iron; on, brave hero—Napoleon on the Alps, Cortez in Mexico, Pizarro in Peru, never did a bolder deed than yours!

Let us for a moment pause to look upon a picture of beauty, even in this terrible march.

Do you see that dark lake, spreading away there under the shadow of tall pines? Look up—a faint glimpse of starlight is seen there through the intervals of the sombre boughs.—The stars look down upon the deeps; solitude is there in all its stillness, so like the grave.

Suddenly a red light flares over the waters.—The gleam of fires redden the boughs of these pines, flashes around the trunks of these stout oaks. The men of Arnold are here, encamped around yonder deserted Indian wigwam, whose rude timbers you may behold among the trees, near the brink of the waters.

For an hour these iron men are merry! Yes, encamped by the wave of Lake CHAUDIERE.—They roast the ox amid the huge logs; they draw the rich salmon and the speckled trout from these waters. Forgive them if the drinking horn passes from lip to lip; forgive them if the laugh and song go round! Forgive them—for to-morrow they must go on their dread march again; to-morrow they must feed on the bark of trees, and freeze in cold waters again—forgive them for this hour of joy.

Now let us follow them again; let us speak to brave Arnold, and bid him on!

O, these forests are dark and dense, these rocks are too terrible for us to climb, the cold chills our blood, this want of bread maddens our brains—but still brave Arnold points toward Quebec, and bids them on!

Hark! That cry, so deep, prolonged, maddening, hark, it swells up into the silence of night; it stops the heart in its beating. On, my braves! It is but the cry of a comrade who has missed his footing, and been dashed to pieces against the rocks below.

It is day again. The sun streams over the desolate waste of pines and snow. It is day; but the corn is gone—we hunger, Arnold! The dog is slain, the snake killed; they feast, these iron men. Then, with canoes on their shoulders, they wade the stream, they climb the mountain, they crawl along the sides of dark ravines. Upon the waters again! Behold the stream boiling and foaming over its rocky bed. Listen to the roaring of the torrent. Now guide the boat with care, or we are lost; swerve not a hair's breadth, or we are dashed to pieces. Suddenly a crash—a shout—and lo! Those men are struggling for their lives amid the wrecks of their canoes.

But still that voice speaks out: "Do not fear my iron men; gather the wrecks and leap into your comrades' canoes. Do not fear, for Quebec is there!"

At last two long months of cold, starvation and death, are past; Arnold stands on Point Levy, and there, over the waters, sees rising into light the rock and spires of Quebec!

Napoleon gazing on the plains of Italy, Cortez on the Halls of Montezuma, never felt such joy as throbbed in Arnold's bosom then!

It was there, there in the light, no dream, no fancy; but a thing of substance and form, it was there above the waters, the object of bright hopes and fears; that massive rock, that glittering town.

At last he beheld—QUEBEC!

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[From and by the same.]

The Attack on Quebec.

It was the last day of the year 1775.

Yonder, on the awful cliffs of Abraham, in the darkness of the daybreak, while the leaden sky glooms above, a band of brave men are gathered; yes, while the British are banquetting in Quebec: here, on this tremendous rock, in silent array, stand the Heroes of the Wilderness, joined with their brothers, the Continentals from Montreal.

That little army of one thousand have determined to attack the Gibraltar of America, with its rocks, its fortifications, its two thousand British soldiers. Here, on the very rock where, sixteen years ago, Montcalm and Wolfe poured forth their blood, now are gathered a band of brave men, who are seen in the darkness of this hour, extending like dim shadow forms, around two figures, standing alone in the centre of the host.

It is silent and sad as death. The roaring of the St. Lawrence alone is heard. Above the leaden sky, around the rock like a plain—yonder, far through the gloom, a misty light struggles into the sky. That light gleams from the firesides of Quebec.

Who are these, that stand side by side in the centre of the band?

That muscular form, with a hunting shirt, thrown over his breast, that form standing there, with folded arms and head drooped low, while the eye glares out from beneath the fanning brow, that is the Patriot Hero of the Wilderness, Benedict Arnold.

By his side stands a graceful form, with strength and beauty mingled in its outlines, clad in the uniform of a General, while that chivalrous countenance, with its eyes of summer blue, turns anxiously from face to face. In that form, you behold the doomed MONTGOMERY. He has come from Montreal; he has joined his little band with the Iron Men of Benedict Arnold.

Who are these that gather round, with hunting shirt and rifle and knife? Who are these with fur caps upon each brow, moccasins upon each foot; who are these wild men, that now await the signal-word? You may know them by their leader, who, with his form of iron, stands leaning on his rifle—the brave DANIEL MORGAN.

The daybreak wears on; the sky grows darker; the snow begins to fall.

Arnold turns to his brothers in arms. They clasp each other by the hand. Their lips move but you hear no sound.

"Arnold!" whispers Montgomery, "I will lead my division along the St. Lawrence, under the rocks of Cape Diamond. I will meet you in the centre of Québec—or die!"

"Montgomery, I will attack the barrier on the opposite side. There is my hand! I will meet you yonder—yonder in the centre of Quebec, or perish!"

It is an oath: the word is given. Look there, and behold the two divisions, separating over the rocks: this, with Montgomery towards the St. Lawrence; that with Arnold and Morgan, towards the St. Charles.

All is still. The rocks grow white with snow.—All is still and dark, but grim shadows are moving on every side.

Silence along the lines. Not a word on the peril of your lives! Do you behold this narrow pass, leading to the first barrier, yonder? That barrier, grim with cannon, commands every inch of the pass. On one side, the St. Charles heaps up its rocks of ice; on the other, are piled the rocks of granite.

Silence along the lines! The night is dark, the way is difficult, but Quebec is yonder! Soldier, beware of those piles of rock—a single misplaced footstep may arouse the sleeping soldier on yonder barrier. If he awake, we are lost!

On, brave band, on with stealthy footstep and rifle to each shoulder; on, men of the wilderness, in your shirts of blue and fur!

At the head of the column, with his drawn sword gleaming through the night, Benedict Arnold silently advances.

Then a single cannon, mounted on a sled, and dragged forward, by stout arms.

Last of all, Daniel Morgan with the riflemen of the Wilderness.

In this order along the narrow pass, with ice on one side and rocks on the other, the hero-band advance. The pass grows narrower—the battery nearer. Arnold can now count the cannon—nay, the soldiers who are watching there. Terrible suspense! Every breath is hushed—stout hearts now swell within the manly chest.

Lips compressed, eyes glaring, rifles clenched—the Irou Men move softly on.

Arnold silently turns to his men.

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And yonder through the gloom, over the suburb of that city, over rocks of that city's first barrier—there frowned the battery grim with cannon.

There wait the sentinel and his brother soldiers. They hear no sound; the falling snow echoes no footstep, and yet there are dim shadows moving along the rocks, moving on without a sound.

Look! Those shadows move up the rocks, to the very muzzles of the cannon. Now the sentinel starts up from his reclining posture; he hears that stealthy tread. He springs to his cannon—look! how that flash glares out upon the night.

Is this magic? There disclosed by that cannon flash, long lines of bold riflemen start into view, and there—

Standing in front of the cannon, his tall form rising in the red glare, with a sword in one hand, the Banner of the Stars in the other—there, with that wild look which he ever wore in battle, gleaming from his eye—there stands the patriot, Benedict Arnold!

On either side there is a mangled corse—but he stands firm. Before him yawns the cannon, but he springs upon those cannon—he turns to his men—he bids them on!

"To-night we will feast in Quebec!"

And the hail of rifle balls lays the British dead upon their own cannon. Now the crisis of the conflict comes.

Now behold this horrid scene of blood and death.

While the snow falls over the faces of the dead, while the blood of the dying turns that snow to scarlet, gather round your leader, load and fire, dash these British hirelings upon the barrier's rocks—ye heroes of the Wilderness!

Now Arnold is in his glory!

Now he knows nothing, sees nothing but that grim barrier frowning yonder! Those fires flashing from the houses—that rattling hail of bullets pattering on the snow—he sees, he feels them not!

His eye is fixed upon the second barrier. He glances around that mass of rifles, now glittering in the red light—he floats the Banner of the Stars on high. Hark to his shout!

"Never fear, my men of the Wilderness! We have not come three hundred miles to fail now! Have I not sworn to meet Montgomery there, to meet him in the centre of the town, or die?"

And then on, on, across the rocks and cannon of the barrier! Hark—that crash, that yell! The British soldiers are driven back over the dead bodies of their comrades—the first barrier is won!

Arnold stands victorious upon that barrier—stands there, with blood upon his face, his uniform—dripping from his sword—stands there with the Banner of the Stars in his hand!

Oh! sainted mother of Arnold, who, on that calm summer night, near forty years ago, laid your child upon the sacramental altar, now look from Heaven, and—if saints pray for the children of the earth—then pray that your son may die here upon the bloody barrier of Quebec! For then his name will be enshrined with the warriors and Washingtons of all time!

Even as Arnold stood there, brandishing that starry banner, a soldier rushed up to his side, and, with horror quivering on his lip, told that the gallant Montgomery had fallen.

Fallen at the head of his men, covered with wounds; the noble heart, that beat so high an hour ago, was now cold as the winter snow, on which his form was laid.

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Leaving Arnold for a moment, on the first barrier of Quebec, let us trace the footsteps of his brother-hero.

Do you behold that massive rock, which arises from the dark river into the darker sky? Along that rock of Cape Diamond, while the St. Lawrance dashes the ice in huge masses against its base, along that rock, over a path that leads beneath a shelf of granite, with but room for the foot of a single man, Richard Montgomery leads his band.

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.]

STATE OF MAINE.

(Seal.) **KENNEBEC, ss.**—*To the Sheriffs of our respective Counties, or either of their Deputies,* GREETING.

WE command you to attach the goods or estate of CHARLES A. WOODWARD of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, yeoman, to the value of two hundred dollars; and summon the said Woodward (if he may be found within your precinct) to appear before our Justice of our District Court for the Middle District, next to be holden at Augusta, within and for our said County of Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of August next; then and there in our said Court to answer unto JOHN C. ANTHONY and JOHN COLBURN, both of said Augusta, copartners in trade, doing business under the firm and style of Anthony & Colburn, in a plea of the case, for that the said defendant, at the said Augusta, on the day of the purchase of this writ, being indebted to the s'd plaintiffs in the sum of one hundred and sixteen dollars and nineteen cts, according to the acct. annexed; then and there, in consideration thereof, promised the plaintiffs to pay them the same sum on demand. Yet the said defendant, though often requested, hath not paid said sum, but neglects so to do. To the damage of the said plaintiffs (as they say) the sum of two hundred dollars, which shall then and there be made to appear, with other due damages. And have you there this writ, with your doings therein.

Witness, ASA REDINGTON, Esquire, at Augusta, this twenty-third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

(Seal.) **KENNEBEC, ss.**—*To the Sheriffs of our respective Counties, or either of their Deputies,* GREETING.

WE command you to attach the goods or estate of CHARLES A. WOODWARD of Augusta, in our said County of Kennebec, yeoman, to the value of one hundred dollars; and summon the said Woodward (if he may be found within your precinct) to appear before our Justice of our District Court for the Middle District, next to be holden at Augusta, within and for our said County of Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of August next; then and there in our said Court to answer unto SAMUEL TITCOMB, Jr. of said Augusta, Esquire; in a plea of the case, for that the said defendant, at said Augusta, on the sixth day of December, A. D. 1845, by his note of that date, by him signed, for value received, promised the plaintiff to pay him or order, thirty-six dollars and twenty cents in three months from date, and interest. Also, for that the said defendant at said Augusta, on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1846, by his note of hand of that date, by him signed, for value received promised the plaintiff to pay him or his order, twenty dollars on demand and interest. Yet the said defendant though requested, hath never paid said sums, or either of them. To the damage of the said plaintiff (as he says) the sum of one hundred dollars, which shall then and there be made to appear, with other due damages. And have you there this writ, with your doings therein.

Witness, ASA REDINGTON, Esquire, at Augusta, this twenty-third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

(Seal.) **KENNEBEC, ss.**—*To the Sheriffs of our respective Counties, or either of their Deputies, or any Constable of said Augusta,* GREETING.

WE command you to attach the goods or estate of CHARLES A. WOODWARD of Augusta, in said county of Kennebec, yeoman, to the value of one hundred dollars; and summon the said Woodward (if he may be found within your precinct) to appear before our Justice of our District Court for the Middle District, next to be holden at Augusta, within and for our said Co. of Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of August next; then and there in our said Court to answer unto LEWIS P. MEAD and GEORGE DARBY, both of said Augusta, merchants, doing business under the firm and style of Lewis P. Mead & Co., in a plea of the case, for that the said defendant at said Augusta, on the twenty-second day of January, A. D. 1846, by his note of hand of that date, by him signed, for value received, promised the plaintiffs to pay them or their order, seventy-one dollars and seventy-three cents in the month of April, with interest after. Also, for that the said defendant at said Augusta, on the day of the purchase of this writ, being indebted to the plaintiffs in the sum of twenty-five dollars, for certain goods, wares and merchandize, before that time sold and delivered to the said defendant at the special instance and request of the said defendant, then and there in consideration thereof promised the plaintiffs to pay them the same sum on demand. Yet the said defendant, though often requested, said sums hath not paid, nor either of them. To the damage of the said plaintiffs, (as they says) the sum of one hundred dollars, which shall then and there be made to appear, with other due damages. And have you there this Writ, with your doings therein.

Witness, ASA REDINGTON, Esquire, at Augusta, this twenty-second day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, ss.—*District Court, Middle District: August Term,* 1846.

John C. Anthony & al.	vs.	Charles A. Woodward.
Samuel Titcomb, Jr.,	vs.	Same
Lewis P. Mead & al.	vs.	Same

ORDERED, That notice of these several suits, be given to the said Charles A. Woodward, by publishing attested copies of the plaintiffs' several writs and of this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a public newspaper published in said County, the last publication to be not less than thirty days before the next term of this Court, to be holden at Augusta, within and for said County of Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of December next, that he may then and there appear, and answer to said suits, if he shall see cause.

Attest: W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

A true copy of the several writs and order of Court.

42 Attest: W. M. STRATTON, Clerk.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of SUMNER C. MOULTON, late of Wayne, in the Co. of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to CALEB FULLER.

Wayne, Oct. 5, 1846. 42

Haviland & Tuttle's Water Wheel.

THE subscribers have lately received a patent for their highly approved Water Wheel, and are prepared to receive orders for the various sizes required for manufacturing purposes. This wheel, which is constructed for the best application of water, will run equally well under water, and from its simplicity will be found to be the most valuable wheel in use. It is not subject to the inconveniences incident to many other wheels, with ice, but may be used at all seasons of the year. By means of an attached regulator this wheel will so control the vent as to use to the best possible advantage, the amount of water, whether the quantity available be a spring freshet or a summer drought, and will operate precisely as well as if it was originally intended for the existing state of water while the wheel is in motion. It will be seen at once that this wheel possesses every requisite for a tide mill or any mill situated on a stream which is irregular in its head or amount of water.

This wheel is rapidly finding favor with mill wrights and others acquainted with machinery, and we confidently assert that we can furnish a wheel, which if placed by the side of *any other wheel* will be found to be by far the most economical, valuable and durable. It may be used on a horizontal or perpendicular shaft, and when constructed of cast iron, its equal for speed and power, (with any given quantity of water,) is no where to be found. Individuals who are about purchasing are invited to examine this wheel, and the proprietors are so sanguine of its capability that if it does not fully answer the representations we will refund the money and at our own expense remove the wheel.

Any information relative to this wheel can be obtained of B. F. CHANDLER, Patent Agent, Augusta, or WEBBER & HAVILAND, Manufacturers, Waterville, or

31tf EBEN'R TUTTLE, Canaan.

Assignee's Notice.

THE creditors of LASCEY & SHATTUCK are hereby notified, that they have made an assignment of all their property for the benefit of said creditors, as provided by the law of this State, and that three months are allowed for them to become parties to the same.

ELISHA HALLETT, Jr., Assignee.

Augusta, October 9, 1846. 42

Young Durham Bull for Sale.

A PRIME YOUNG BULL is offered for sale by the subscriber. He is three-fourths improved Durham, with a cross of the Holderness blood. He is seven months old, of a red color, large, well proportioned, is uncommonly straight on the back, and deep in the chine, clean and strong in the limbs; in short he exhibits a beautiful symmetry of form and uncommon vigor and growth. The subscriber believes him to be second to none of his age in the State. Those in want of a first rate young animal with which to improve their stock, had better call and examine him. J. FROST.

East Winthrop, Oct. 15, 1846. 42

WHIG ALMANAC for 1847, just received and for sale by EDW'D FENNO.

Something New! No Humbug!!

Pitts' Corn and Cob Mill.

I NOW state, for the benefit of farmers, mill owners, and all others who feel any interest in the economy of feeding horses, cattle, sheep and hogs, that I have constructed a mill to grind cobs and corn, which is completely adapted to the wants of the farmers. It is simple in construction, durable, and not liable to get out of order. It occupies but little room, and can be operated by horse, steam, or water power—requiring much less of either to do the work, than *any other mill in the United States.*

In commendation of my mill, the Editor of the "Cultivator," published at Albany, N. Y., says: "Its advantages are, 1. Great simplicity of construction, not being liable to get out of order; but in case of injury, readily repaired. 2. Portableness, occupying less space than the common grindstone used by farmers. 3. The facility with which it will grind corn and cobs in any condition; its peculiar construction enabling it to work equally well whether the corn is in a damp, green or dry state. 4. Its adaptedness to grinding shelled corn, coffee, peas or beans, without any change of gear. 5. The grain is not heated in being ground, thus obviating the tendency of the meal to sour or ferment. It does not make fine meal, but it is fine enough for any description of stock."

The utility of grinding the cob and corn together has long been established by actual experiment, and the only reason why the practice has not become general, has been the difficulty of getting it properly ground, especially when the cob is not perfectly dry. This inconvenience is all overcome by the use of my mill. It is estimated, by means of experience, that the value of feed is increased one-third by grinding the cob and corn together, and it is found to be much more healthy for the animal than corn without the cob. This, surely, is an item for the farmer worth saving.

I have ground more than 1000 bushels of ears of corn for different farmers in this vicinity, and all are well pleased with the feed, and pronounce the mill the greatest improvement for grinding cobs and corn that they have ever seen or heard of.

The price of the mill is $40, at the shop in Winthrop Village, where we are now manufacturing them. All orders for mills, addressed to the subscriber, will receive the earliest attention. HIRAM A. PITTS.

Winthrop, Feb. 3, 1846. 7tf

He is the True Philanthropist,

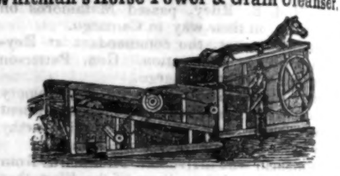
WHO seeks to alleviate and relieve human suffering whether the disease be physical or moral; and any one in community is deserving of gratitude, it is he. You may show your good feelings to such an one, as also your self respect and love of health—which surely are valuable possessions—by reading and diffusing the knowledge of and using JONES' DROPS for HUMORS, one of the best medicines that has ever been discovered for the cure of all eruptive diseases, and successful beyond a parallel, in the cure of *Salt Rheum, Scrofula, St. Anthony's Fire or Erysipelas, Leprosy or White Scurf, Tetter or Ringworm, Prairie Itch,* and all humors, internal or external.

This medicine is recommended with perfect confidence for such affections, if only timely, patiently and perseveringly used. It is not a quack medicine, nor is it in any degree a humbug; but truly a remedy to be desired by all who are afflicted with any of the above named complaints, and a cure as certain as any curative in the hands of man. Will you not then, friends, who are suffering, avail yourselves of this remedy, and also benefit the proprietor, by using the means so plainly placed in your way?

For sale by J. E. Ladd, and Horace Waters, Augusta; H. J. Selden& Co. Hallowell; H. Smith & Co. Gardiner; William Dyer, Waterville; O. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott, South China; and by many other agents in various towns in this and the adjoining States.

Augusta, Nov. 13, 1845. 1y46

Whitman's Horse Power & Grain Cleanser.



THE subscribers give notice that they have lately erected a large and commodious shop, with new fixtures and machinery, and are prepared to furnish their improved Horse powers and also their latest improved Grain Cleaners, at short notice.

Their Horse powers are considered by those who have used them, as decidedly the best now in use, and their Cleaners give universal satisfaction. All orders promptly attended to. EZRA WHITMAN, JR., & CO.

Winthrop, July, 1846. tf 29

Boots and Shoes, for Cash only.

THOMAS C. WALES, **Boston, Mass., 19** *Broad street, corner of Central street,* has now on hand, and is daily receiving, all the varieties of

Good Retailing Boots and Shoes,

and also all the lower qualities, which he will sell, by the case or dozen, at prices that cannot be equaled by any other store in Boston. He is enabled to sell lower for the reason that he buys and sells for CASH ONLY, and is satisfied with a smaller profit than others are willing to sell for. All he asks of CASH BUYERS is to *come* and *see* for themselves, or inquire of some of the many dealers, who, by purchasing their Boots and Shoes of him, have been enabled to undersell all their neighbors who buy on credit, and therefore obtain all the best trade.

Also, his Fall stock of *INDIA RUBBERS,* embracing all the saleable kinds imported or manufactured in this country, comprising over 100,000 prs. for CASH or CREDIT, at the lowest importer's or manufacturer's prices.

August 5, 1846. 2m32

Kennebec and Boston

STEAM NAVIGATION—1846.

THE new, safe and fast sailing steamer KENNEBEC, Capt. N. KIMBALL, until further notice, will leave Vaughan's Wharf, Hallowell, Mondays and Thursdays for Boston, at ½ past 2, Gardiner at 3, and Bath at 6 o'clock P. M.

RETURNING, leaves North side of T Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday evenings. The Kennebec is a new boat, built expressly for this route; is well furnished with boats and fire engine; and her good qualities as a sea boat with her splendid accommodations have rendered her a great favorite with the travelling public; and the proprietors hope to have a *share* of the business the coming season.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the Kennebec in Hallowell, to carry passengers to Winthrop, Readfield, Wilton, Livermore, Farmington, Dixfield, Canton, Skowhegan, Norridgewock, Waterville, &c. The steamer Phœnix will also be in readiness to take freight and passengers to and from Waterville on the days of arrival and sailing. A. H. HOWARD, Agent.

Hallowell, April 2, 1846. 15tf

Plumbe National Daguerrian Gallery and Photographers Furnishing Depot;

AWARDED the gold and silver medals, four first premiums, and two highest honors, at the National, the Massachusetts, the New York, and the Pennsylvania exhibitions, respectively, for the most splendid colored Daguerreotypes and best apparatus ever exhibited.

Portraits taken in exquisite style, without regard to the weather. Instructions given in the art.

A large assortment of apparatus and stock always on hand, at the lowest cash prices.

New York, 251 Broadway; Philadelphia, 136 Chestnut st; Boston, 75 Court and 58 Hanover sts; Baltimore, 205 Baltimore st; Washington, Pennsylvania Avenue; Petersburg, Va., Mechanics' Hall; Cincinnati, Fourth and Walnut, and 176 Main st; Saratoga Springs, Broadway; Paris, 127 Vieille Rue du Temple; Liverpool, 32 Church street. 27

DRUGS, *Medicines, Paints, Dye-stuffs, Patent Medicines, Apothecaries' Glass Ware, Trusses, &c. &c.* constantly for sale at the lowest prices and on the most favorable terms, by 27 J. E. LADD.

White Lead.

6 TONS pure and extra white lead, dry and ground, for sale very low by

April 28. DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

Currier's Notice.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public generally, that he has recently established himself at Winthrop Village, in the currying business. He will keep constantly on hand all kinds of the best leather, such as heavy wax, kip, calf, boot and shoe finings and bindings. Also ready made boots and shoes. All of which he offers for sale on the lowest terms, for cash or approved credit. A. P. BATCHELDER.

N. B. Persons who want leather curried can have it done at my shop in the best manner, on reasonable terms.

Winthrop, Feb. 23, 1846. 9tf

PATENT OIL, a new article for painters' use, for sale by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB.

Paper Hangings.

A LARGE LOT of new and beautiful styles, just received at prices which cannot fail to suit, for sale by

2m32 COFREN & BLATCHFORD.

Cart Wheels.

6 PRS. first rate *CART WHEELS,* for sale by H. D. BUCK, on Commercial, at the foot of Oak street.

October, 1846. 42